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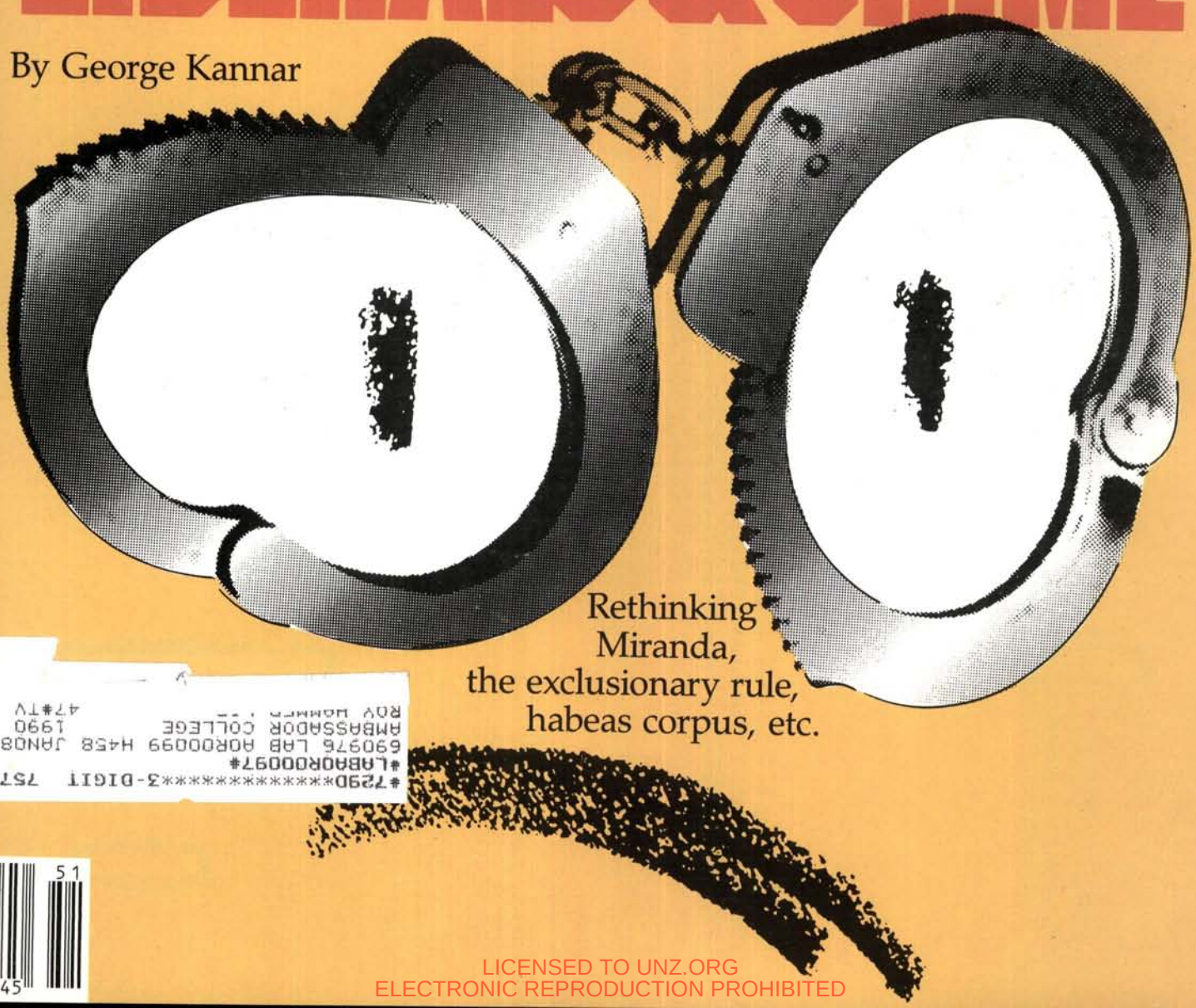
THE NEW REPUBLIC

LIBERALS & CRIME

By George Kannar



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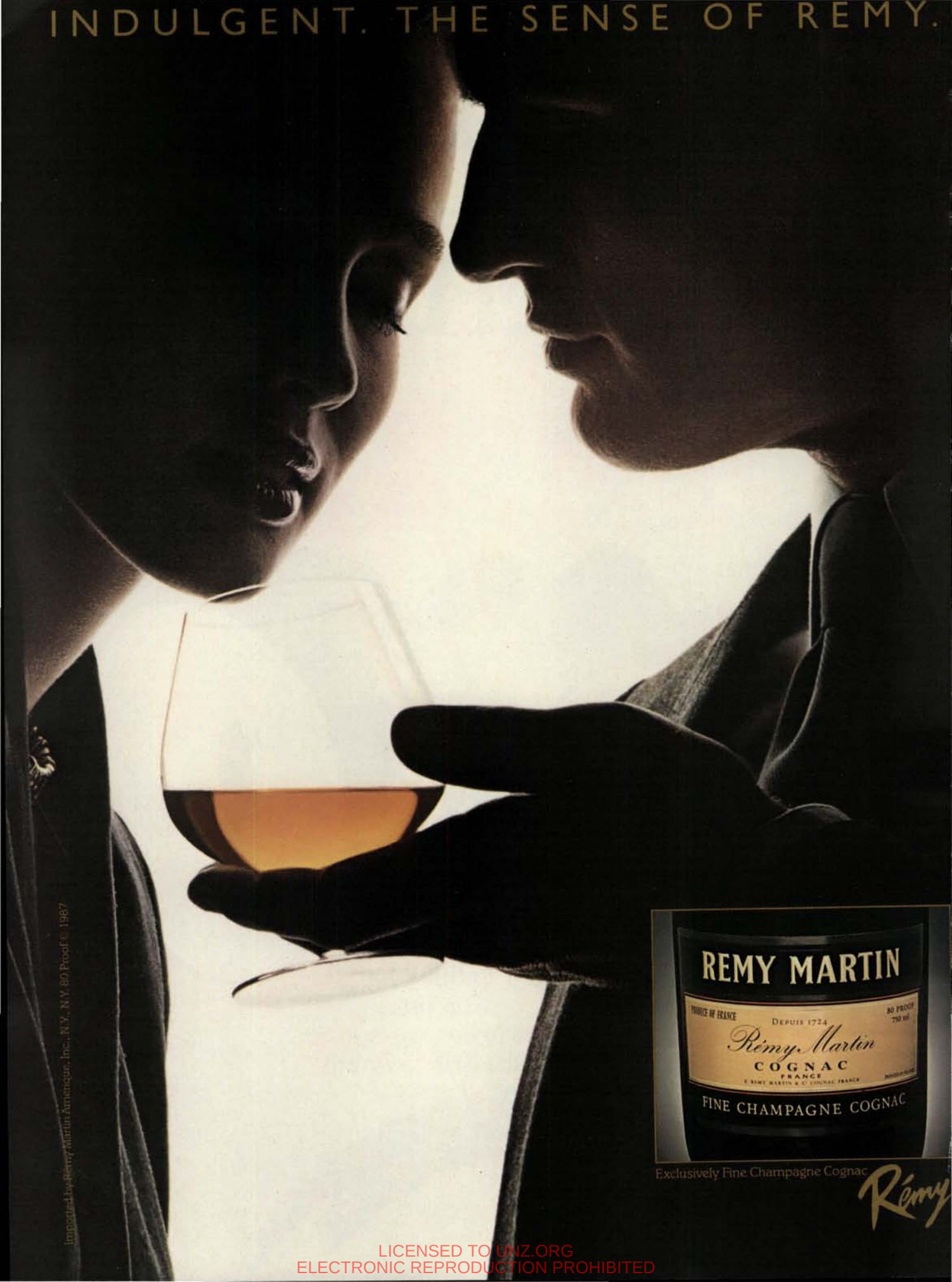

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,857

WASHINGTON, D.C. — DECEMBER 19, 1988

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CORRESPONDENCE

NO QUICK FIXES

To the editors:

In "The Quack Epidemic" (November 14) TNR concluded, I think correctly, that legalization could lead to "no more drug-gang warfare, fewer addicts stealing for their next fix [and] a tax-revenue bonanza." Of major significance would be the probable end of the outbreaks of drug-war shootings of innocent bystanders, often children, and the reduction of crime to pay for illegal drugs. These are crimes against innocent people, usually urban, and frequently among the weakest members of society. However, you reject your attractive picture of legalization since legal drugs are "bound to ruin lots of lives and hugely complicate many others." In other words, in order to protect me from an (undenied) risk to myself, innocent people have to suffer crime. This seems a profoundly illiberal attitude on your part. It also leads, as you recognize, to the present totally unsuccessful policy of using the criminal law to try to control drug use.

The currently illegal drugs have no appeal to me, but I see no justification for supporting a policy that gravely harms innocent people in order to try to protect others from self-abuse. A high-fat, low-fiber diet, smoking, and lack of exercise are likely to ruin my life and certainly complicate it by giving me cancer. You should at least be consistent and urge America to create a whole new range of crimes, and criminals, by banning all unhealthy but popular products. After all, we saw just how successful Prohibition was in protecting America from the damage induced in alcoholics by my drug of choice. The only real protection people have in a dangerous world is knowledge and the informed exercise of individual responsibility.

ROGER DOHERTY
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

Your point about educating people regarding the dangers of cigarettes clearly reinforces the case against legalization of drugs. One way the public is educated about cigarettes, for example, is by reading the health warning label that comes with every cigarette pack. What kind of warning would we put on a package of marijuana or cocaine if we suddenly decided to give those two drugs the legal status of tobacco? It would have to say something along the lines of "WARNING: Use of this product can be hazardous to your health. So disregard the fact that we just made it legal."

BRUCE G. KAUFFMANN
Alexandria, Virginia

ISRAEL'S RIGHT

To the editors:

Your review of Israel's religious parties ("Shamir's Victory," November 21) ignores the role of the Zionist NRP (National Religious Party). The NRP took a position to the *right* of the Likud and won five seats on November 1. MEIMAD, a left-wing spin-off from the NRP, failed to get enough votes for even one seat. With the NRP in its camp on *ideological* grounds, the Likud and its allies have more seats than the Labor Party and its immediate allies.

I would also like to mention in passing that a nickname of Gandi is far from "anomalous" for a supporter of population transfer. After all, Gandhi and his followers were responsible for one of the largest population transfers in modern history . . . the creation of Pakistan out of part of India.

AARON LERNER
Royal Oak, Michigan

POLISHED STUDS

To the editors:

Jacob Weisberg writes as if Studs Terkel had at some point "peed in his Wheaties" (Weisberg's Wheaties, that is) ("Soapstuds," November 28). While I am no fan of Terkel's rather vague and flabby philosophy as I understand it, Weisberg will do well if, upon his return from Oxford, he goes off campus here in the USA, west even of the Hudson. Should he survive such a heroic journey, he will discover that as surely as all academics sound alike given their early toilet training, these "people straight out of central casting" who Terkel dredges up understand the world and talk exactly as Terkel says they do.

Terkel has never pretended to be soliciting reports from the "best and the brightest" (those who discoursed endlessly on the imperatives behind the compulsion of the United States t founder in Vietnam, for example). I won der if Terkel's yokels, however "crackpot" or "hopelessly naive" they may be, could have failed so abjectly as the brilliant men to read the lessons of history, even the ones Weisberg considers to be correct. Since we live in a democracy, shouldn't we know what these boobs and crackpots think? If you think Terkel makes these people up, or even overestimates their numbers in the electorate, 'tis you who are naive. In the real world (for the purposes of this discussion, that's off campus or at least down around the physical plant if there's one on campus), Reagan's and Terkel's "pretensions to provide a portrait of the country" cannot "be jointly dismissed," at least not so long as we must keep the boobs politically involved, thus keeping clear-eyed visionaries like Weisberg from making sure that we all can be made to agree not only on what The Historical Truth is, but on its Meaning as well.

ED HOFMANN
McCall, Idaho

AMERICAN INDIAN HISTORY

To the editors:

Michael Newman ("Founding Feathers," November 7) seems to believe that the debate over Native American contributions to democracy begins and ends with the assertion that the Founders "copied" the Constitution from the Iroquois Great Law of Peace. The good news for Newman is that the Founders certainly did not "copy" the Constitution from the Iroquois, any more than they copied it from the Greeks, the Romans, or the Magna Charta. The bad news is that considerable evidence now exists that the Iroquois and other American Indian confederacies did help shape the thoughts of our Founders, most notably Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. One can make a case that these confederacies helped shape our own without demeaning the debate by asserting the Founders were so historically illiterate as to have had to *copy* anything.

For example, at the Lancaster Treaty Council (1744), the Iroquois sachem Cannasatego recommended that the colonists adopt a federal structure similar to his own confederacy. Benjamin Franklin began his diplomatic career as a Pennsylvania representative to the Iroquois and allied Indian nations. By 1751 Franklin (who printed Cannasatego's words on his own press) wrote to his printing

continued on page 41

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 19, 1988

U.N. WELCOME

In blocking the entry of Yasir Arafat to the United States, George Shultz has served notice again to the PLO and to the Palestinians who have anointed it their tribune that they can neither shoot their way nor bluff their way to American recognition and responsiveness. This still leaves them the option of an unambiguous renunciation of terror and an equally unambiguous acceptance of the permanent presence of Israel in the Middle East. It is the judgment of the secretary of state that neither of these conditions was met at the Palestinian National Council session in Algiers, and he is right. In fact, Arafat may simply be incapable of meeting these conditions, and relief of the Palestinian grievance may have to await a new Palestinian leadership.

In preventing Arafat from bringing Act Two of his olive branch and armed holster spectacle to the United Nations, Shultz has marginally improved the prospects for real negotiations in the future. He did so by thwarting a Palestinian propaganda exercise deceptively disguised as a "peace offensive," which was bound to fail and which had not conciliation but Israeli capitulation or at least Israeli embarrassment as its aim. So the ball is, after all, still in the Palestinians' court. If they want an American interlocutor they know what they need to do. If they don't want an American interlocutor they want nothing that can help them. Only a United States genuinely persuaded that the Palestinians have finally come to their senses and limited their aspirations to what is realistically practicable—between them and the other Arab states, between them and Israel—can prod the Israelis into making territorial concessions that under the best of circumstances will be perilous and asymmetrical.

Much of the huffing and puffing against the secretary's decision comes from states and individuals resentful that the United States is the only power with moral and material leverage over Israel, thus the only power able to facilitate some semblance of a settlement. It would be folly for us in that circumstance to appear to authenticate the Algiers charade. (Just how much a charade it was can be gauged by the fact that Abu Iyad, the most important of the PLO Abus, has threatened to retaliate against the Shultz finding by summoning another meeting of the Palestine National Council to revoke the resolutions it passed in Algiers.) So U.N. talk is cheap even from our European allies who have no real responsibilities in the region and, for good and sufficient reasons, little sway over Israel.

It is, moreover, quite comical to watch indiscriminate and almost congenital violators of international law protesting Shultz's ruling as incompatible with U.S. treaty obligations. Thus, the government of Iraq has announced that its foreign minister will boycott the General Assembly session in New York as an earnest sign of its disapproval. What a blow to peace the absence of Mr. Tariq Aziz will be. But then there is also the hypocritical handwringing of the really relatively moderate Arabs. Whatever they say in public many of them—especially Jordan's King Hussein—are secretly pleased that Arafat has been stymied again and that the United States has been willing to take all the heat for doing it.

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Egypt's role in this affair is different. President Mubarak apparently thought that he had sufficient cachet with the State Department to produce Arafat's visa. But Mubarak had not reckoned with the moral austerity of Shultz's view of terrorism, although this was no secret anywhere. The Egyptians also didn't comprehend that they had compromised their standing with Washington by recognizing "the independent state of Palestine" almost on the morrow of its proclamation. This recognition cannot be construed as anything but a violation of the Camp David agreement, according to which the final status of the occupied territories will be decided by negotiations. An equivalent abrogation would be if a signatory to Camp David, say the United States, were to recognize some hypothetical Israeli annexation of the occupied territories.

Mubarak is under enormous pressures at home. He has a soaring birth rate, a disintegrating economy, a restive population. At the same time Egypt's political and intellectual classes have never quite accommodated to the peace with Israel. So there are many reasons Egypt will want to play the politics of Palestine. It is the standing alibi and diversion for any Arab state with troubles.

If President Mubarak overreached at the beginning of this episode, the other Arab governments and their Third World allies are overreaching in the aftermath. Their charge that the U.S. decision impedes a discussion of the Palestinian question is nonsense. First of all, there are no real discussions at the General Assembly. It is only the very expensive annual occasion when all the members of the international windbag philharmonic, and selected invited guests, get a chance to go on solo. Shultz has not even prevented the PLO from doing its thing at this year's session. He has only prevented the world's most noted terrorist from doing his thing in person. Serious experts on terrorism are convinced that Force 17, a unit of Arafat's Fatah, continues to claim the lives of innocents, including Americans. According to John Walcott in the *Wall Street Journal* of October 6, U.S. intelligence believes that the PLO may even be holding some American hostages in Lebanon.

IN ORDER TO facilitate the crucial discussions the United States has been accused of obstructing, some U.N. delegations are threatening to convene a special session of the General Assembly in Geneva later this winter. Let them. It would be interesting to see how much resonance there would be from a U.N. meeting held in a sleepy town that evokes the many betrayals of peace by the League of Nations. It would be even more interesting, as an experiment at least, to judge the effect that the temporary absence of thousands of U.N. personnel would have on New York City, with its crowded streets, impossible parking, depleted housing stock, and overpriced hotels and restaurants.

Let's not kid ourselves. This dispute is not about the U.N. or our treaty obligations to it. Arafat was not really eager to appear again before the General Assembly this late in the day. Even he knows how little the U.N. can do for him. He was, in the words of Neil Diamond's theme song, "coming to America" and the American elites. Much as he tried (and failed) to get at Israel through the United States in Algiers, he was now trying to get at the United States through the United Nations. He has not paid the required diplomatic coinage. It was an open secret in New York that Arafat's calendar was for sale to whoever could deliver the most prestigious crowd. The Council on Foreign Relations was already planning a breakfast for him, and its poohbahs, especially its Jewish poohbahs, were jockeying for proximity to the chairman on the dais.

George Shultz has shown extraordinary bravery, independence, and dignity by refusing to hand Arafat precisely the kind of little triumph with which he has so long deceived his people into thinking that they may yet win their way by playing word games with history. There is now a chorus of censure and an effort to stampede Shultz into reversing course. He deserves our support and our respect. It is important to remember that what this administration and every administration since 1967 have expected from Israel is an ultimate withdrawal from most of the occupied territories. But this administration, like its predecessors, has insisted that those who want the world to warrant their receipt of these territories must certifiably abjure the old idea of revanche. This the Palestinians have not come close to doing.

NOTEBOOK

□ IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR KOPPEL: Among other things (see above), the fuss over America's decision to deny a visa to would-be U.N. speaker Yasir Arafat shows what a deadeningly bureaucratic and unimaginative organization the United Nations is. Why is it necessary for Arafat to be physically in New York in order to address the General Assembly? Ted Koppel routinely interviews people all over the world, and doesn't require their presence in his studio. The electronic revolution has made national barriers to the flow of ideas—even, as in this case, nefarious ideas—obsolete. For a small fraction of what it will cost for the U.N. to adjourn to Geneva for a few days, Arafat—speaking from anywhere in the world—could be present larger-than-life in front of the General Assembly. And for very little more, the members' reaction could be broadcast back to him in living color.

□ JESSE AND THE HOLOCAUST: Jesse Jackson, who used to complain that he was "sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust," now can't stop talking about it. Early last month, for example, Jackson invited himself onto the platform of a Washington commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Kristallnacht and used the somber occasion to press Jews to join his political alliance. According to the *Washington Post*, he said that the ceremony "gives us a unique opportunity to share together and

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come together. . . . We must get beyond anti-Semitism, beyond racism . . . to build a coalition . . ." Jackson has figured out that the memory of six million dead Jews can easily be exploited to cover the rancor he bears toward live Jews and particularly toward the admittedly and inevitably flawed state that represents their insistence on nationhood. A new book, *Israeli Settlements in the Occupied Arab Territories*, published by the League of Arab States, reminds us of why Jackson needs this cover. There, amid certifiably anti-Jewish and anti-Zionist screeds, is Jackson's own contribution to the symposium, rambling and confused, but assured. It begins with a tribute to the chairman of the symposium, "Mr. Sean MacBride, my friend with whom I have had a chance to work all across the world." Jackson's choice of comrades may be strange, but it is not surprising. Like those of Jackson himself, MacBride's activities had been supported by the largess of Colonel Qaddafi. An eminence in the World Peace Council, a Communist front organization, and a winner of the Lenin Prize, MacBride was a long-time member and then supporter of that notably peaceful organization, the IRA. In this capacity, he can take credit for the deaths of Protestant innocents in both Northern Ireland and Britain. In his last decade (he died earlier this year) MacBride acted as international point man for the Palestine Liberation Organization. Jackson, judging from his recent television appearances as well as his contribution to this book, is eager to continue to perform the same function. The moral equivalence he asserts between the Jews and Palestinians as victims, and the Jews and Germans (and South Africans) as victimizers, is precisely the kind of potted history Israel's enemies always put forward. His political solutions are just as crude. One of his prescriptions is the Golden Rule; another is cutting aid to Israel. Against Israel, Jackson has all kinds of specific grievances, and of Israel he makes all kinds of specific demands; from the Palestinians and the other Arabs he demands nothing. Shame on those Jews who allow so dishonest a politician to exploit their martyrs.

□ MOTES AND BEAMS: Late last month the independence of two states was proclaimed. The first proclamation of sovereignty was by the sitting parliament of the Estonian Republic, till only yesterday and since annexation by Moscow in 1940 a puppet dependency of the U.S.S.R. The second announcement came from the ersatz Palestine National Council asserting self-determination over territory now, and for the 21 years since the Arabs started and lost the Six-Day War, under the control of Israel. Some might say that they were both "whistlin' Dixie." If, however, one gauged the seriousness of the two developments by the media attention they each received, the conclusion one would inevitably draw is that Palestine is *really* about to be born but Estonia . . . well . . . who ever heard of Estonia? A corollary of this disparity in notice and heed is that the struggle against the Jews is far more consequential than the struggle against the Soviets. This is, of course, preposterous. Still, while the press hung on every word out of Algiers, on every echo from the West Bank, and afterward on every extravagant improvisation by Edward Said, almost all of its coverage of the situation in Estonia came not from Tallinn but from Moscow. By and large, the press has missed or underplayed the story not only in Estonia, but in Lithuania and Latvia, the other Baltic constituent republics, as well. Moreover, there have been nationalist stirrings in the Ukraine that have seen no print at all. Yet months into the *intifada*, there were still some 90 camera crews running around the two-by-four that is the West Bank and Gaza scavenging for stories and pictures. We understand how thrilling the idea of Palestine is to the Peter Jennings of this world. But that doesn't explain why he and his colleagues should be so slothful and passive in the face of the biggest story of the decade, the political renaissance of historic peoples whom the commissars thought they had brutalized into oblivion. And whose fate we liberal Americans were, in deference to an uncharacteristic realpolitik, content to ignore—remember how we used to snicker at the mere mention of "captive nations"—lest it embarrass the Russians.

□ THE INSCRUTABLE SPEAKER:

Wright holds olive branch for Bush

—*Sacramento Bee*, November 13

Wright takes new hard line with Bush

—*San Francisco Examiner*, same day

□ TAKE TWO:

Pill doubles heart disease risk, study finds

—*Detroit Free Press*, November 17

Encouraging news for users of Pill

—*Detroit News*, same day

□ MIDAIR COLLISION

Airline's fare shifts may drive prices up

—*Detroit Free Press*, November 16

Cut-rate air fares may be cut even more

—*Lansing* (Michigan) *State Journal*, same day
(thanks to Donald J. Montgomery, Okemos, Michigan)

□ A KINDER, GENTLER NEW REPUBLIC: With this issue, TNR editor Michael Kinsley begins a seven-month sabbatical, which he will spend in London working on temporary assignment for the *Economist*. The acting editor will be current senior editor Robert Wright. After a brief hiatus, the "TRB from Washington" column will be written by former editor Hendrik Hertzberg. Kinsley will return to both positions in July.

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WHITE HOUSE WATCH

TOTTERING TOWER

GEORGE BUSH should have known better. During the presidential campaign, he muttered some sweet nothings to John Tower about how Tower was exactly the kind of guy he'd like in his administration as secretary of defense. Tower was thrilled. He'd wanted the Pentagon job in 1981, when President Reagan chose Caspar Weinberger over him, and he craves it even more desperately now. He took Bush's words as something of a commitment. And why not? Bush and Tower, a Republican senator from Texas from 1961 to 1985, have long been friends. Tower was a fervently pro-Pentagon chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee for four years. He stumped practically full-time for Bush in 1988. "He worked his butt off," says Bush adviser Peter Teeley. "He did anything we asked."

Talking up Tower as defense secretary was easy. Actually installing him at the Pentagon wasn't. Bush conferred privately with Tower on November 17. Two days later, Bush's top advisers, John Sununu and James A. Baker, met with Tower. The normal procedure of the Bush transition would have been to announce Tower's nomination two or three days later. Tower partisans argue that the Thanksgiving holidays intervened. In truth, second thoughts about naming Tower caused the delay. By balking, Bush made matters worse, especially for Tower. Bush looked indecisive and unable to control unflattering leaks about Tower by his transition staff. Tower became a sitting duck. The press and Republican foes took shots at him, notably about what the *New York Post* called a "sex scandal." Now, if Bush names him anyway, Tower will be a tarnished nominee. If he doesn't, he will have put Tower through hell.

Though Bush looked at four or five folks for defense secretary, no strong alternative to Tower emerged. Shortly after Election Day, Bush aides contacted Democratic Senator Sam Nunn, the chairman of the Armed Services Committee, about the job. Nunn insisted he didn't want Bush to offer it to him. Bush didn't. Donald Rumsfeld, defense chief in the Ford administration, has some fans in the Bush camp. One is industrialist David Packard, who headed a commission in 1985 and 1986 that recommended reforms in Pentagon procurements. But Rumsfeld was briefly a rival of Bush for the GOP nomination, then endorsed Bob Dole. Worse, he and Baker, the secretary of state-designate, have chilly relations. Two corporate CEOs, Paul O'Neil of Alcoa and Norman Augustine of Martin Marietta, have drawbacks. O'Neil has only skimpy knowledge of defense issues. Augustine is a major defense contractor at a time when Pentagon contracting is under fire. That leaves Tower.

What's wrong with him? Three things, the most serious of which is his personal life. The other two—namely, questions about his ability as a manager and his skill as a defense strategist—are important, but he can be schooled in them. Nothing can change the way he's led his life in recent years. Tower gives the impression that he likes the fast social life of Washington more than he should. He's been the target of rumors for years. He is a diminutive man—maybe five foot two, even shorter than Weinberger and current Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci—who wears expensive Savile Row suits and has a knack for charming women. His 1986 divorce, his second, put flesh on the rumors. And speculation about his nomination as defense secretary prompted associates to talk. Press coverage soon followed.

THE *Atlanta Constitution* was first. On November 13 it regurgitated the charges of "marital misconduct" made by his former wife, Lilla Burt Cummings. She suggested in court papers that Tower had been romantically involved with three women, two from Dallas and the third a Filipino maid in Geneva, Switzerland, named Darla. Tower served in Geneva in 1985 and 1986 as one of President Reagan's arms control negotiators. The three women were never questioned, and a divorce was granted in 1987. Tower's wife also asked for information about his clothes budget, but she never got that either.

On November 19 the *Los Angeles Times* went further. It repeated the charges from the divorce proceedings and added another. "One particularly wild—and wholly unfounded—story has Tower barred from Australia because of a drunken spree there," it said. Then the *New York Post* on November 25 ran a story under the headline "TOWER FACING SEX SCANDAL." That article referred to his divorce as "scandalous" and said he was "accused by his ex-wife of having flagrant affairs with three woman." That wasn't quite right. In court papers, his wife had merely asked that the three women be questioned about their relations with Tower.

On Thanksgiving, television grabbed the story. On the "NBC Nightly News," White House reporter Andrea Mitchell said, "Tower's former wife questioned his alleged womanizing." Mitchell added another charge. "Tower's critics also point to his legal but, some say, questionable use of leftover campaign funds after he quit the Senate," she said. This was unfair. Tower had already raised $1.6 million when he announced in 1983 that he wouldn't seek re-election. After paying off expenses and giving back money to all who asked, he was left with $466,000. He pocketed none of it. He gave $200,000 to other candidates, $100,000 to Southwestern University, where his papers are housed, and used $150,000 to pay for his Texas office until it closed in 1987.

The womanizing allegation isn't so easy to refute. Bush aides don't even try. "Everybody knows that's true," said a senior Bush adviser. "Tower's been known for that for a long time." Bush is aware of the womanizing allegation, said another Republican. "This is old news, especially to a Texas newspaper reader like Bush." An administration official who worked with Bush in Geneva said womanizing and excessive drinking by Tower were both problems there. Oddly enough, the official also said Tower did an impressive job of heading the American delegation in the START talks. When he met Bush one-on-one November 17, Tower raised the issue of womanizing and drinking. He

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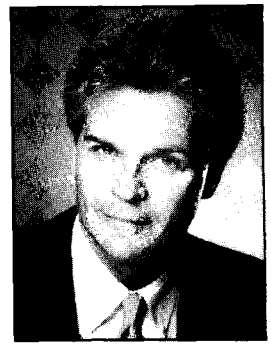

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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gave his explanation. His friends say Tower once drank too much, but has limited his drinking for years. These friends weren't in Geneva, however.

TOWER HAS never had a reputation as a great manager, but not many members of Congress, or former members, do. (The only one I can think of is Rumsfeld, who was CEO of Searle, the pharmaceutical firm.) The argument against Tower is that he's a spender and the post-Reagan era calls for cutting the military budget. Asked by Ted Koppel at a Center for Strategic and International Studies conference on November 1 to spell out where he'd cut, Tower talked about spending more in the immediate future. "There are some instances where to save money over the long term you may have to have a bigger front-end cost," he said. That's the wrong rhetoric. But Tower is hardly the enemy of procurement reform that he's often portrayed. Rhett Dawson, the executive director of the Packard Commission and now White House staff secretary, said he briefed Tower in early November on implementing the Packard reforms. Tower was enthusiastic, Dawson said.

Nor has Tower been known as a brilliant strategist. At the Defense Department, he wouldn't be another James Schlesinger or Harold Brown. But being a strategist isn't required for the job. The defense secretary can hire all the strategists he wants. Weinberger recruited Fred Ikle and Richard Perle. Tower's problem is not that he doesn't attract smart people. His mafia of associates includes Navy Secretary Will Ball, acting Air Force Secretary James McGovern, former Perle deputy Frank Gaffney, and Dawson. Tower's problem is that he puts too much credence in what the military brass say. In Geneva, even when the Joint Chiefs of Staff reached some jerry-built, incoherent compromise, Tower went along, according to administration officials.

John Sununu, Bush's choice for White House chief of staff, says the president-elect is determined to name an entire "team" to run the Pentagon. That's bad news for Tower. Melvin Laird, Nixon's defense secretary, advised Tower that it's essential he have the authority to choose his own aides, including both the deputy secretary and the undersecretary for procurement. "If you don't have that authority, don't become secretary of defense," he told Tower. Schlesinger suffered at the Pentagon, Laird said, because he was forced to accept a deputy, William Clements, now governor of Texas, he couldn't get along with. Laird, on the other hand, announced his deputies without informing his boss, President Nixon. "Don't you think you at least ought to introduce them to me?" Nixon asked.

Tower's likely to suffer whether he gets the job or not. If he loses out, he'll be personally crushed, and probably embittered. If he's nominated, he won't have the sweeping authority Laird did. Bush and his aides simply don't trust Tower to run the Pentagon entirely on his own. The Senate is bound to fall all over itself confirming a former senator. But the press, frustrated in its effort to nail Bush on something, will have a field day.

FRED BARNES

How to make it their Vietnam.

AFGHAN ENDGAME

THE OFT-CITED parallel between the United States in Vietnam and the Soviets in Afghanistan is now being applied—by the Soviets—to the Afghan endgame. The Soviets routinely tell interlocutors that they do not intend to depart Afghanistan in humiliation, clinging to the landing struts of helicopters, and leaving behind the makings of a bloodbath. This, they say, accounts for their suspension of troop withdrawals on November 4, their use of Scud missiles, MiG-27 aircraft, and Backfire bombers against advancing Afghan guerrillas, and their continuing air raids into Pakistan.

Something in the American psyche—a touch of masochism, perhaps—welcomes the Afghan-Vietnam parallel, even though morally it does not apply at all. We did not invade Vietnam and seek to dominate it for purposes of territorial expansionism. We established nothing like the record of atrocities that the Soviets are guilty of in Afghanistan, where My Lai-style massacres have been routine, not an aberration. And we had nothing like the whole of the Vietnamese population opposing our presence (Vietnam refugee flows always went North to South), whereas the Soviets seem to have only a sliver of support.

Still, this parallel does seem to hold: we both became militarily overextended, and we both lost. Richard Nixon tried to leave with some superpower dignity intact, and that's what the Soviets say Gorbachev wants to do. Nixon sought to leave behind a regime that had a chance of surviving—for a decent interval, at least—and so, it's said, does Gorbachev. Nixon wanted to retain the option of giving aid to our allies and bombing the enemy, but he was prevented from doing so by Watergate, by Congress, and by a fed-up population. In this, Gorbachev may be luckier.

The parallel between Gorbachev and Nixon should give pause to American romantics tempted to think that the Soviet leader's "new political thinking" is the same as one-world humanitarianism. If Nixon was the epitome of the cold-blooded geopolitical realist, this must mean that Gorbachev is the same.

"This ought to be a very instructive episode for us—a model for evaluating the new Soviet foreign policy," says Joseph Fromm of Johns Hopkins University's Foreign Policy Institute. "They still play very hard ball. They are trying to intimidate Pakistan. They want to make us quit aiding the *mujaheddin*. To me, this means we are going to have a fundamentally adversarial relationship for some time to come. I'll believe the cold war is over only when the Soviets remove their offensive capability and create a Commonwealth, Finlandized, in Eastern Europe."

Don't anyone hold their breath. It's not even clear—though it is the conventional wisdom in Washington—that the Soviets will fulfill their promise of a full troop withdrawal from Afghanistan by February 15. Skeptics like

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Rosanne Klass of Freedom House think that the Soviets don't really intend to pull out fully at all, but are merely rotating out Slavic troops and draftees to defuse domestic unrest, and are replacing them with Central Asian professionals dressed up in Afghan army uniforms.

She anticipates that the Soviets will leave all their equipment behind, plus 10,000 military advisers, and will try to engineer a settlement that maintains Soviet domination of the country. That could involve replacement of the current Soviet puppet, Najibulla, with a less openly pro-Soviet ruler, and the negotiation of deals with the *mujaheddin*.

Most Reagan administration officials, though, think there is little likelihood that any of this could work. They think the Soviets will have all their troops out by February 15, as promised, and that after an interval—perhaps six months—the Kabul government will collapse and the *mujaheddin* will take over, messy though that process may be.

One of the administration's top Afghan experts acknowledges that he was taken aback when the Soviets halted their withdrawal, introduced new weapons, and began high-level bombing raids to relieve guerrilla pressure on Kandajar. "Before that, I said the chances of their being out on February 15 were 99.5 percent," he said. "Now, I think it's 60-40, but I still think they are going."

They are going, the experts say, because staying would undermine Gorbachev's new initiatives toward the United States, Europe, and China. Slowing withdrawals, they say, amounts to "playing poker" in order to improve the Soviet position—to ensure an orderly Soviet retreat, prevent an early collapse of the Kabul government, scare Pakistan into restraining arms flows to the *mujaheddin*, and, possibly, arrange for a coalition government in Kabul somewhat subject to Soviet influence.

The United States is partly going along with this agenda—limiting (though not halting) arms supplies to the rebels, and urging them not to attack Soviet troops as they leave. But as Gorbachev is likely to hear in his farewell-and-hello luncheon with President Reagan and President-elect Bush on December 7, the United States is adamant on the point that Soviets need to have their troops out by mid-February. "The message will be simple: 'leave, as you promised,' " one Reagan aide said.

THE U.S. POSITION in the region is weakened by the death of Pakistan's President Zia, who wanted to help the *mujaheddin* take control of Afghan population centers, force the fast collapse of the Kabul government, and set up a new Islamic regime in Afghanistan that would be subject to his influence. U.S. experts say they are pleased that Zia's former foe, election winner Benazir Bhutto, has taken a strongly pro-U.S., pro-*mujaheddin* position, but they aren't yet convinced that this isn't tactical—her means of securing U.S. support in her bid to be allowed to form the next Pakistani government.

Also, they say, Bhutto has different interests from Zia's. Rather than setting up and influencing the next government in Afghanistan, she primarily wants to hasten the exit of three million Afghan refugees burdening Pakistan. She can't just shove them out—the army won't let her—but she won't be as interested in, or as capable of, countering Soviet influence in Kabul, either.

So it's all the more important that the Soviets leave on schedule and take in their hirelings as soon as possible afterward. This may take some added U.S. pressure, such as a blunt statement from Bush that the business that Gorbachev wants to transact between Washington and Moscow simply can't go forward as long as the Soviets aren't moving out. We want the Soviets to be at least a little humiliated in departing their Vietnam. After all, we want them to contract a strong case of post-Afghan syndrome that will keep them from causing trouble elsewhere in the world.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

Pakistan's democratic choice.

GUNS OR BHUTTO

ELECTIONS HAVE HAD an unsalutary history in the praetorian Pakistani state. In 1970 they led to the secession of East Pakistan. In 1977 they were followed by allegations of government rigging and mass urban protests; the controversial civilian prime minister, Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, was overthrown, arrested, and imprisoned, and the army's chief of staff, Gen. Zia ul-Haq, who led the coup d'état, first protested his love of democracy, then went on to become Pakistan's longest-reigning autocrat. The premature death of its leaders, too, has dominated Pakistan's crises of succession and legitimacy. The country lost its founder, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, to a secret illness in 1948, shortly after achieving nationhood. In 1951 his accepted successor was mysteriously assassinated. Bhutto was hanged in 1979, after being found guilty of involvement in the murder of a political opponent. And, in an incredible turn of fate, the steely, pious Zia, too, met an untimely death last August in the dusty skies above Bahawalpur. The cause of that crash is likely never to be known.

In the recent Pakistani elections, the myth of Bhutto, the martyr of secular socialism represented by his daughter Benazir, contested the legacy of Zia, the martyr of Islam and of the Afghan cause represented by the Islamic Democratic Alliance (IDA). Benazir's party, the Pakistan People's Party (PPP), won a plurality of seats in the National Assembly. Her victory will have important consequences not only for democracy, but for Pakistan's cathartic struggle with the memory of the elder Bhutto, a brilliant, charismatic populist whose personality and policies still arouse passionate loyalty in some and deep hatred in others. Whereas Benazir applauds her father's adherence to democracy and to progressive Islamic principles, opponents describe his era as a "reign of terror," replete with whimsical injustices. If Benazir is invited to form a government on December 1, the

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myths of Bhutto will finally be tested by power.

Pakistan's electorate shamed those who thought that it was not "ready" for democratic ways. In an orderly showing, millions of Pakistanis voted out many politicos with bad records, retired military men of all political stripes, feudal captains, the religious right, and the radical left. They voted in a generation of young political unknowns. And, quite aware of the high position to which Benazir Bhutto, a 35-year-old woman in a Muslim society, aspired, Pakistanis awarded her victory by a sizable margin. The PPP emerged as the strongest party nationwide, indeed, as the country's only significant national party.

But Bhutto's triumph was not all sweet. After the elections the big question was, predictably, What does General Beg think? The new chief of staff of the army—Benazir called on him shortly after her victory—remains the ultimate arbiter of Pakistan's political fate. Since 1958 the army has permitted only 5½ years of civilian rule. As a result, there have been whole generations of unpracticed civilian politicians. The generals have not been enthusiastic about Benazir's electoral success. Although the popular vote might force the army to tolerate the PPP's ascent (it has had uniquely bad relations with Bhutto's party), Benazir will never be able to rely on the aversion of any Pakistani general to politics.

The PPP also failed to gain a majority in the National Assembly, or to win the provincial vote against the unwieldy IDA coalition representing "Ziaism" in the Punjab, Pakistan's largest, richest, and most populous province, which is home to much of the army and to the traditional power barons. A divided Punjab portends a divided nation, and a fractious civilian politics. The future stability of Pakistan, in fact, will depend on whether the Punjab and the army heed, for once, the message of the rest of the country: a farewell to arms and a better deal for the smaller provinces.

EVEN AMONG developing countries, Pakistan has had an especially troubled history of center-province relations. In 1971 the Bengalis of East Pakistan seceded to create Bangladesh. Between 1973 and 1977, the Baluch of Baluchistan raised an insurgency against which Bhutto deployed 80,000 troops. Today, Sind is the unhappy province, filled with autonomy-seekers, militant "sons of the soil," and militant Urdu-speaking *muhajirs* (immigrants from India), rural bandits—and, of course, the debris of the Afghan war: Kalashnikovs and heroin. In the recent election Sind sent a clear message: its urban areas voted for the new national and regional political force, the Muhajir Qaumi Movement (MQM), and its rural areas for the PPP. It rejected the radicals, the secessionists, the feudals, and the religious leaders, and it denied the party of Zia even a toehold in the province. Only under Benazir (the Bhutto family hails from Sind), say Sindhi voters, will they agree to give federalism a chance.

If Benazir Bhutto becomes prime minister of this nation of two minds, it is certain that she will face pressing problems. She will have to contend with Zia's legacy of Islamization, which has resulted in increased tensions between the majority Sunni and minority Shiite sects, and which runs counter to her own secular egalitarianism. The tentacles of the Afghan conflict also await her; it has spread geopolitical chaos, three million refugees, weapons, and narcotics across Pakistan. A difficult era in relations with India (disputes over nuclear weapons, territorial claims, and Sikh terrorism) and with the Soviet Union (a feared neighbor, but a neighbor) also lies ahead.

WHAT IS less certain is which Benazir would govern. Benazir is a political chameleon. She has promised much to many. The PPP manifesto insists in one breath that "socialism is our economy" and that the private sector will receive strong support. (She has also said that she will not nationalize companies.) In public, Benazir no longer speaks of "Bhuttoism"; instead, she talks about healing wounds. A sharp critic of the Pakistan army, she now offers it praise, promises, and a place in national and foreign affairs. Once she abhorred the United States for its alleged culpability in her father's fall, but now she berates her supporters for burning American flags and advocates a strong relationship with America. Once she attacked Zia's policies on Afghanistan, but now she says that, in broad outline, they will continue. During the election campaign her positions were virtually indistinguishable from those of the IDA. The politician of the left has become the politician of the center.

Even if Benazir is set on dramatic change in her country, moreover, her path is circumscribed by the army and the opposition. Her party is without identity, a hodgepodge of hot-blooded, anti-American young radicals, crossover conservatives, and feudals. Will she be able to keep them together, and coherent? Will she nurture political institutions and processes, or resort to personalized, authoritarian rule in a ramshackle political environment, as have past Pakistani civilian leaders? She will be sorely tempted.

Benazir's principal goal will be an end to the Afghan conflict, and the return to Afghanistan of the *mujaheddin* and the refugees. Their presence in Pakistan has resulted in thousands of deaths through terrorism, bombings, the spread of guns and drugs, economic and political competition, and armed conflict with the local population. Her Afghan policy should be no cause for American alarm, though: the PPP will encourage the *mujaheddin* to talk to the Kabul regime, but because of the army's prominence the PPP is not likely to trammel the flow of weapons to the *mujaheddin*. Benazir, however, will be less picky than Zia about the means to achieve these goals: she will pursue a less activist military strategy inside Afghanistan, and will not lose sleep over installing an Islamic fundamentalist regime in Kabul.

Pakistan's nuclear program disturbs America. Zia brazenly pursued both the enrichment of uranium and more than $3 billion in U.S. aid. Whatever Benazir's personal inclination might be regarding nuclear weapons policy (she appears to favor the inspection of Pakistan's nuclear facilities), it is doubtful that she would be able to beat back the

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pro-nuclear pressures of the opposition, the army, and Pakistani public opinion. And America's geopolitical interest in Pakistan will decline once the Soviets complete their withdrawal from Afghanistan, leaving Congress to focus more intently upon American concerns about nuclear nonproliferation and narcotics, and perhaps to fret about the size of the aid commitment to Pakistan (presently $4.02 billion for six years). Nuclear proliferation will become the bête noire of U.S.-Pakistan relations.

On December 1 we will know whether or not Benazir will be prime minister. Regardless of the result, this young politician will long remain one of Pakistan's most powerful. And it is important to recognize what a remarkable achievement Benazir's election represents in a place like Pakistan. The achievement is hers, and her society's.

MAHNAZ ISPAHANI

Mahnaz Ispahani is a guest scholar at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars.

The marketing of a manuscript.

DE-KAFKA

IT'S ALMOST beside the point to describe anything as Kafkaesque these days. In 1988 there's little that isn't. Without having read a word of Franz Kafka, anyone who has applied for an exit visa from the Soviet Union, or even disputed a phone bill, understands what the word has come to mean. Although he died in 1924, the Prague Jew foretold of nearly every "ism" the 20th century was yet to see: fascism, Nazism, totalitarianism, Stalinism. But nowhere in his letters, in his diaries, or in his recorded remarks to friends did he foresee the, er, Kafkaesque fate that awaited his own work.

On November 17, after lying in a Zurich bank vault for decades, the autograph manuscript of Kafka's novel *The Trial*, owned by a woman Kafka never knew, was sold at Sotheby's for $2 million, a record sum for a modern literary manuscript, to the literary archives of a country that had banned his work and murdered his three sisters.

During his 41 years, Kafka published just a half-dozen slim volumes, and the money he made from his writing amounted to pocket change. Kafka wrote not one but two notes to his best friend, Max Brod, requesting that he burn the manuscript of *The Trial* after Kafka's death, along with all his other unpublished "scribbling." Arguing that Kafka was in one of his famous funks when he penned those letters, Brod defied his friend's request and rushed *The Trial* into print in 1925. A shadowy waking nightmare that Kafka wrote in the last five months of 1914, after the first of two splits from his fiancée, Felice Bauer, *The Trial* tells the story of an accused man in search of his crime. Joseph K., a bank employee with a promising future, is arrested one morning and put on trial by a mysterious court that operates in the hidden attics of shabby tenements. K. does nothing to deal with the charge, gradually becomes convinced of his own guilt, and a year after his arrest walks passively to his brutal execution.

By 1933 Nazi censorship had suppressed Kafka's works. The night before Hitler entered Prague in 1939, Brod fled to Palestine and took Kafka's manuscripts with him. The manuscripts were later moved to a Zurich bank for safekeeping. Kafka's sisters had died in concentration camps, and his three nieces eventually deposited the bulk of the manuscripts with Oxford's Bodleian Library. Brod kept *The Trial* for himself, claiming Kafka had given it to him in 1920. Since Brod's death in 1968, *The Trial* has become *Das Sorgenkind*—the Problem Child—among Kafka's manuscripts. Not only is it the most controversial manuscript (for years, experts have debated Brod's choice of chapter sequence), it has also been the most elusive.

Sotheby's tried to keep the name of the consignor secret, but a lot of indignant people were only too happy to tell the tale. When Brod died, he left his literary estate to Ester Hoffe. The Czech-born Frau Hoffe, now in her 80s, was Brod's secretary and lover in Tel Aviv. She inherited *The Trial*, along with Kafka's letters to Brod and a few other works. Through the years, Frau Hoffe has sold off bits and pieces of her hoard to private collectors. Frau Hoffe uses the proceeds, in part, to finance annual holidays in Switzerland. *The Trial* she has guarded most jealously. Not only has she refused to part with the manuscript, but she has been uncooperative with scholars who want a peek at it. When Schocken Books sold the 500 letters Kafka wrote to his fiancée Felice for $600,000 last year, Frau Hoffe probably felt the time was finally right to cash in. Sotheby's isn't talking, but it's believed that Frau Hoffe set her bottom limit at Sotheby's estimated sale price of $1.8 million.

Sotheby's announcement in September that *The Trial* was on the block rattled Kafka scholars, who feared it would go the way of the Felice letters, to an anonymous private collector. That would keep it out of academic reach for perhaps another lifetime. Torn from a notebook, the 316 loose pages hold countless insights into Kafka's thought process. Kafka's ponderings over the novel's last sentence alone would provide ample fodder for dissertations. Originally, Kafka wrote that K.'s last feeling before death was shame. Kafka then crossed that out. In the final published version, as Joseph K. watched his two executioners thrust a knife into his chest, "It was as if the shame of it would outlive him." K. couldn't even escape by dying.

Part of Kafka's magic lay in his understanding of the nature of large institutions, with their strange excesses of power and authority. "Capitalism is a condition both of the world and of the soul," he once remarked. In contrast to Kafka, who seldom ventured far from Prague, the manuscript spent several weeks before the sale being trotted around the globe, accompanied by security guards and Sotheby manuscript experts who worked to drum up interest among potential buyers in Japan, Hong Kong, West

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Germany, and New York. Hundreds of Kafka fans showed up at Sotheby's just for a glimpse of the yellowed pages covered with Kafka's elegant script.

It was clear from the start that few public institutions or university libraries could afford to bid. "We haven't got that sort of money," said Oxford's Sir Malcolm Pasley, who took the other manuscripts from Zurich to the Bodleian nearly 30 years ago. The Japanese, whose appetite for Western arts seems insatiable, were only a remote possibility: the manuscript isn't much to hang on the wall. In fact, the most likely buyers appeared to be the Germans. Marianna Steiner, one of Kafka's nieces, who now lives in London, wasn't planning to attend the auction as it would have been too painful to see the manuscript go to a private collector. But she changed her mind at the last minute. If a collector bought it, the 75-year-old Steiner wanted to be there to express her outrage.

On the day of the sale, inside Sotheby's impossibly proper auction room, ten television cameras were lined up on one wall, faced on the other side by a phalanx of print journalists, many of them chattering in German. Frau Hoffe was nowhere to be seen. The auction began with poems by Brecht, postcards from Hitler, and a letter from Dostoyevsky. None went for more than £12,500. Then came Kafka's—or rather, Frau Hoffe's—turn. Bidding started at a mere £400,000 and, within 32 seconds, three bidders in the room had nodded and twitched their way to a million. When the gavel finally descended, dozens of reporters assailed the successful bidder, a beefy West German book dealer named Heribert Tenschert.

Cagey at first, Tenschert finally allowed that he had bought the manuscript on behalf of the German government, with Federal Republic money, and that it was to be deposited at the German Literary Archive in Marbach. Marbach is where the literary remains of hundreds of post-Enlightenment German authors, including several Jews, are kept. It's an idea that takes some getting used to. Not only was the Holocaust, in some ways, *The Trial* writ large, but it wasn't until after 1945 that Kafka became known in German-speaking countries. "They burned his three sisters and now they make him a national hero," said Kafka biographer Ernst Pawel. Ulrich Ott, the soft-spoken director of the Marbach archive, who had been bidding against Tenschert to convince spectators that Tenschert had been acting privately, was prepared for such criticism. Ott said the institute has a duty to preserve German writing, and he's eager to put out a facsimile edition of the manuscript. Tenschert was defensive. "Perhaps it escaped you that he wrote in German," he snapped back at one reporter. For her part, Marianna Steiner, who said Kafka taught her Hebrew when she was a young girl, said she was relieved to see it go to a place accessible to scholars. And Sir Malcolm will be able to get on with his critical text edition of Kafka's work. He's already spent days upstairs at Sotheby's, matching the pages' watermarks to determine their proper sequence, noting how various sections of the manuscript have yellowed, and determining where Kafka's handwriting is smaller in some places than in others.

KATIE HAFNER

Katie Hafner is a staff editor at *Business Week*.

Thinking the unthinkable.

BEYOND THE COLD WAR

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

MRS. THATCHER has joined *Doonesbury* in declaring the cold war over. Uncharacteristically, she is wrong. Such thinking is wishful until the Soviets leave not just Afghanistan but Central America, until they not only talk about "defensive sufficiency" but practice it by making real cuts in defense spending and by reconfiguring their offensive force structure in Europe. What can be said with confidence, however, is something more modest, but still highly significant: for the first time in the postwar period it is possible to foresee an end to the cold war—on Western terms.

That can happen in one of two ways, by means of Soviet reform or retreat. If the Soviets proceed down the road that Gorbachev has begun, it is conceivable that in the foreseeable future the U.S.S.R. will have been transformed into a merely authoritarian one-party state, not terribly more illiberal than most of the 19th-century monarchies. If they reform to the point where they become much like us, or at least much unlike what they were, then the point of the cold war is over. The Soviet Union becomes Russia, a big power like any other, and the 20th-century struggle of ideologies reverts to a 19th-century struggle of great powers. Not a guarantee of peace, by any means, but a relief from the prospect of unending, irreconcilable hostility.

The other possibility is that *perestroika* fails, and the Soviets revert to their old ways. If so, the old system will likely

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not be able to sustain itself and certainly not be able to sustain a policy of imperial expansion. The Soviets seem acutely aware of this. Shevardnadze's famous speech to the Foreign Ministry, in which he claimed that class war was no longer the guiding principle of Soviet foreign policy, contained a much overlooked remark: "The idea, which gained a firm hold in the minds and deeds of certain strategists, that the Soviet Union could be as strong as any possible coalition of states opposing it is absolutely groundless. . . . We cannot, said Mikhail Sergeyevich, permit ourselves the luxury of 'imitating' the United States, NATO, and Japan in all their military technical novelties." The Soviets know that their historic achievement of the last 40 years—being able to match a coalition of the greatest powers in history: the United States, Britain, France, Germany, and Japan—is slipping out of their reach.

Soviet rethinking on this score is not due to any great soul-searching. It is merely a response to objective reality. The Soviets thought that they had really turned the corner in the 1970s. The United States had been defeated, humiliated, and riven by Vietnam. The economies of the West had been battered by the oil shocks and stagflation. The resulting economic and political demoralization produced annus mirabilis 1979. In that single year, the United States was thrown out of Iran and the Soviets or their proxies seized power in Afghanistan, Nicaragua, Cambodia, and, just for spite, Grenada.

Which is what made the economic and geopolitical resurgence of the West in the '80s all the more shocking. Inflation was checked, the oil shock overcome, Euromissiles were deployed, the arms race was reignited (with the now added strain of SDI), and the new outposts of the Soviet empire were challenged by local insurgencies armed and backed by the Reagan Doctrine. Any thought the Soviets might have had of unilaterally outflanking the West either economically or geopolitically has evaporated. Gorbachev is the Soviet way of coming to terms with that reality.

But that means only that we are winning the cold war, not that it is over. Indeed, declaring it over or being willing to offer the other guy a draw is one way of blowing it. By challenging Soviet acquisitions, by leading a worldwide economic resurgence, by launching an arms race that the Soviets have had great trouble matching, the United States has convinced the Soviets that, if things continue, they can no longer win the twilight struggle. As the Soviets sue for peace in the cold war, we should examine the terms, and, so long as they are ungenerous (to them, that is), accept them.

OUR FIRST TASK then is to see the cold war to a successful conclusion. Our second is to figure out what to do next. It is not too early to begin preparing ourselves for the challenges that lie beyond the Soviet threat and that for decades necessarily and correctly had to be subordinated to it. Three challenges in particular deserve close attention.

1. *A new strategic environment.* With extraordinary rapidity, a confluence of three elements—missiles, gas, and "crazy states"—is producing a new strategic environment. Small, unstable, and reckless states (such as Libya and Iraq) are rapidly acquiring long-range rocketry and the weapons of mass destruction to go on them. Today it is the poor man's bomb, poison gas. Tomorrow it will be the rich man's bomb, too. As nuclear technology becomes cheaper and smaller, acquiring it will not require being so rich anymore. Had Israel not practiced its own brand of nuclear non-proliferation on Iraq in 1981, the Gulf War could easily have gone nuclear. It did, after all, go chemical.

Missile technology is proliferating even more rapidly. With the acquisition of long-range delivery systems, it is quite conceivable that in the next decade and certainly in the next century, countries of the size and inclination of, say, Iran could become a menace not just to regional peace (they are now) but to world peace. The more immediate threat to the safety of Western countries will come not from the massive arsenal of the Soviet Union but from the smaller arsenals of radical states armed with missiles, gas, and unappeasable grievances.

The current approach to these problems, non-proliferation conventions, is nice but hopeless. They can do nothing more than temporarily stop the spread of advanced technology. These states have the means and the will to get what they want. Nor does President-elect Bush's plan for a ban on the production and stockpiling of chemical weapons hold out much promise. As Douglas Feith points out, this year Iraq did not just produce chemical weapons, it used them. It killed 5,000 people in a day, an event that was reported in all the world's media—and produced almost no reaction. If the use of poison gas brings no sanction, what possible fear could a country have of breaking some new international convention prohibiting its mere production?

THERE ARE ONLY two solutions of sorts. First is a new technology of defense by which the rich powers keep a few decades ahead of the smaller powers by perfecting smart anti-missile weapons of defense. The bipartisan support in the United States for anti-tactical ballistic missiles (ballistic missiles that shoot down short-range rockets) shows the growing recognition of the imminence of this new strategic problem. And if there is an American deployment of any space defense in the next decade or two, it will almost certainly be too thin and crude to defend against an attack by another great power. Its most useful application might be to defend against a limited attack by a crazy state.

The other approach is post-facto non-proliferation, taking its cue from the Israeli solution to the Iraqi nuclear threat. It is in the interest of all the great powers to prevent lunatic states from threatening world peace through the acquisition of weapons of mass destruction and the means to deliver them. An agenda for the future is true international policing of laws prohibiting the use and perhaps even the acquisition of such weapons and/or delivery systems. Sanctions might begin with economic measures. But a credible military threat—e.g., pre-emption with remotely fired smart weapons—might be the only truly effective deterrent.

2. *Global pollution.* Through the '70s, and in response to

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"My job is to design a wing to lift 200 tons."

"After 5500 jetliners and almost 75 years of innovation, one job at Boeing hasn't changed at all. We're still trying to build a better wing. We see no end to the opportunities, or to the challenges. For example, there are more than 62,000 parts in a Boeing 767 wing, not including rivets. In flight, the wing literally carries the airplane—about 400,000 pounds in the case of a 767. Under this weight, the tips of the wing rise four feet at takeoff. In mild turbulence, the tips may flex another two feet or so. Under this strain, the wing—which may contain over 160,000 pounds of jet fuel—

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Photo by Ken Kennedy

must remain absolutely leakproof and aerodynamically smooth.

"The wings of today's jetliners are masterpieces of engineering and fabrication. For us, that's just a good beginning. Our job is to build them better."

—Walt Brown
Structures Engineering Manager

At Boeing, we're sharing knowledge and integrating technology to create high-quality products and services. In aviation, computer services, aerospace and electronics.

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the oil shocks, there were many false alarms about impending scarcities. These never made much sense in a world in which substitution and conservation are economic principles that need only the free market to work. The real problem that the market cannot solve—because those responsible do not bear the cost—is transnational pollution.

The industrialization of the developing world, particularly such giants as China, India, and Brazil, will greatly compound the problem of global pollution. Foremost among these is the greenhouse effect, one doomsday scenario that even a confirmed anti-apocalypticist like myself takes seriously. The evidence, after all, is not speculative. The globe has warmed by one degree in the last century, with most of it coming in the last 20 years. The four hottest years of the 20th century have occurred in one decade—this one. Burning fossil fuels is too primitive a way for a civilization as advanced as ours to produce energy. And the atmosphere cannot safely accommodate all the burning that it will take to industrialize the globe.

The advanced countries are going to have to reduce carbon dioxide emissions cooperatively. And they are going to have to use great pressure to curb pollution by others. The burning of the Amazon forest alone accounts for a tenth of world carbon dioxide production. It may take extreme economic inducements or extreme economic sanctions against the new polluters like Brazil to impress upon them the benefits of environmental self-restraint (a burden that the West did not have to bear during its earlier rush to industrialize).

3. *Supersovereignty.* The supersession of the nation-state and its integration into something larger and loftier is not a new idea. Until now, however, it has been an utterly utopian one. Our dismal experience with the United Nations, moreover, shows how wasteful and mischievous such premature utopianism can be. A parliament of man that unites the United States with, say, Libya and Sri Lanka can at best be useless. The integration, even the forced equality, of nations so divided by history, values, technology, economic development, and industrial power makes no sense.

The great promise of the next century, however, is the integration of the like-minded, democratically organized, highly industrialized states of the West. Europe is the model. Its economic integration by 1992 is rapidly reaching a point of no return. Too rapidly for some. Margaret Thatcher has already launched a counterattack in defense of national sovereignty—a defense that shows how clear is the threat posed by the coming economic integration of Europe. Common markets lead to central banks which lead to common currency which leads to common economic policy which can ultimately lead to a common politics.

The integration of the West is occurring as well at the pre-political levels of technology and culture. The satellite dishes linking Tokyo and Los Angeles and the fiberoptic cables linking New York and Paris are establishing the neural network of the future West. And where hardware goes, software must follow. The relatively free flow of capital, goods, and ideas has already produced economies so interlinked that unilateral economic decision-making is becoming increasingly difficult. G7 and G5 economic coordination is now a simple necessity, and, as an embryonic finance committee of the West, an indication of things to come. We may well be in a period akin to that encountered by the French feudal kingdoms of the late Middle Ages, the American states in the 18th century, and the German and Italian city-states of the 19th—periods in which national progress meant finding ways to devise a more perfect union.

Sestanovich's Law (named after its Sovietologist inventor) says that countries that talk about interdependence—the United States in the '70s, the Soviets today—are in decline. That is certainly true for interdependence involving countries that are wholly alien or even hostile to you. Interdependence with a stranger or an enemy is rightly considered at best a confession of mere dependence or at worst an attempt at appeasement. Interdependence with friends and allies, however, is not a symbol of decline. If it is a route to greater unity, it is a route to greater strength, as it was in the days of the emerging nation-state.

The ultimate challenge awaiting us, if and when the Soviet threat recedes, is the integration of Europe, North America, and the Pacific Rim in a grand confederation of democracies. That will, of course, mean that America will no longer be No. 1. That is nothing to lament. If and when the Soviet threat recedes, there will be no need for an America that is No. 1, i.e., an America with the overwhelming strength to act unilaterally to defend the free world. America's historic role of saving the West after World War II will have been achieved. Being No. 1, after all, is not an end in itself. It must be in the service of something. Leading the West into some higher confederation, even at the expense of American pre-eminence, seems a worthy enough end of American power in a post-Soviet era.

IRONICALLY, however, the decline of the Soviet threat might impair the solidarity and arrest the integration of the West. Nations need enemies. Take away one, and they find another. This is not so much a psychological principle as a political principle. Parties and countries need mobilizing symbols of "otherness" to energize the nation and to give it purpose.

After World War II, the enemy was not hard to find. It was consensually and correctly defined as Soviet communism. With the Vietnam War, the question of parking one's hostility became acute for a large number of Americans who had shed their inordinate fear of communism. Their hostility was turned to other sources of evil in the world, what might be called the ugly friends: Chile, Korea, the Philippines, the Shah's Iran and Somoza's Nicaragua.

One way or another, the villains are now almost all gone. What to do now that fascism and its little variants are experiencing a historical twilight? The answer is to be found in the 1988 Democratic campaign where Richard Gephardt first discovered the political potency of bashing allies. By the time the campaign ended, Dukakis ads in Ohio were featuring the flag of the Rising Sun. A new foil for a redefined American nationalism, a new set of villains

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had been identified: not right-wing dictators, but prosperous democratic trading partners. This ingenious maneuver—changing the identity of The Enemy from Soviet communists to Third World thugs to our Asian allies—allowed Democrats to tap back into American nationalism. John Connally was only ahead of his time when he said in 1979 that if the Japanese didn't shape up they had better be prepared to sit on the docks of Yokahama in their little Datsuns staring at their own little TV sets. The recent Canadian election campaign has shown how emotional and powerful an issue economic nationalism can be. As the Soviet threat declines we can expect the bashing of trading partners to increase as politicians look for new ways to define nationalism and exploit its appeal. This will not advance the project of Western integration.

It is likely that, as the cold war draws to an end, the world will evolve into a multipolar system with five centers of power: Russia, China, Europe, America, and Japan. But there is the opportunity in the coming decades for evolution to a grander system: a unipolar system centered on an integrated West of Western Europe, North America, Japan, and with some of the newly industrialized states perhaps joining as well. Radiating from the center would be what might be called the de-socializing states (China, Russia, Eastern Europe), increasingly finding themselves in a condition of economic and technological dependency on the West. To the extent that they reform—free up prices, enterprise, human energies, and freedoms—they become less dependent, but more Western and thus less threatening. It is even conceivable that part of the communist world, Eastern Europe, for example, could progressively become integrated in the Western system through such mechanisms as the IMF, GATT, and even the EEC.

This is all blue-sky thinking, of course, until the cold war ends and we have won. And it would be a historic tragedy to settle for anything less than victory now that it is in sight for the first time since World War II. But as V-CW Day approaches, we should have the confidence to start thinking about the new world on the other side. Vietnam buried the notion of Pax Americana. But America's recovery from Vietnam abolished the brief communist fantasy of a Pax Sovietica. If we intelligently manage Western integration and resist the more mindless forms of nationalism that are trying to substitute for postwar anti-communism, the next century holds out the promise of a Western Peace as global and secure as any that we have known before.

The reclaiming of an issue.

LIBERALS AND CRIME

BY GEORGE KANNAR

BY A QUARTER of an inch, I missed growing up as the son of an Irish cop in New York City. Because my father flunked the height exam, I ended up as the son of an international automobile executive instead. Only in America. I consequently came of age in a faraway country with stylish people and broad boulevards, a Spanish-speaking Paris; with gauchos, and pampas, and steak every day. A beautiful country where the judiciary was weak, where habeas corpus was usually ignored, and where official investigations were unhampered by cumbersome procedures. A society as cosmopolitan and sophisticated as our own, in which a few years later thousands of innocent men, women, and children were kidnapped, tortured, and made to "disappear." And all as part of a good-faith effort, performed by sincere officers, to re-establish "law and order."

In 1968 Richard Nixon was elected president by talking about crime and the liberals' supposed "softness" on it, as exemplified by the Warren Court. This year George Bush was elected by talking about crime again. But in 1988 there is an important difference. Having controlled the White House for 16 of the last 20 years, and having appointed every Supreme Court justice for the last 21, the Republicans ought rightfully to be explaining why their lengthy reign has apparently done so little to assuage Americans' fear of crime. Yet the Warren Court's legacy endures. Those rules that let criminals off on "technicalities"—*Miranda*, the exclusionary rule, and miscellaneous procedural contortions that delay final resolution of so many cases—have not been stricken from the law, even in the Burger/Rehnquist era. The reason is simple: despite 20 years of debate and study, no one has come up with any better devices for protecting individual rights in the criminal justice process.

In other respects, America has become much tougher on its criminals since Earl Warren left the Court. Because of stricter sentencing laws (particularly new "habitual offender" statutes), as well as changes in judicial sensibilities, according to David C. Anderson's *Crimes of Justice*, since 1968 the inmate population in this country has more than tripled. The United States now incarcerates a greater percentage of its population than any industrialized country except

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the Soviet Union and South Africa. As Elliot Curie pointed out in *Confronting Crime*, such massive "incapacitation" has indeed kept crime rates lower than they would otherwise have been—not because of any deterrent effect, but simply by keeping would-be criminals off the streets.

Still, this vast increase in punishment has not satisfied anyone, and has not come without substantial costs, both human and financial. At latest count, according to Anderson, 36 states were under expensive court orders to relieve prison overcrowding, whose truly hellish human consequences no reader of *Presumed Innocent* or *The Bonfire of the Vanities* can doubt. We require new prison beds at the rate of a thousand every week. This cannot go on forever, and communities throughout the country balk at the idea of paying for more prisons, or letting them be built nearby. Budget pressures and community resistance are far more responsible for the nation's many furlough programs and work-release alternatives than are woolly-headed liberals or weak-kneed judges.

But, aside from distorting our discussion of crime control for the last two decades, have there been any socially significant costs to those Warren Court "technicalities"? The evidence is overwhelming that the Warren Court—clumsily, and no doubt in part by accident—in fact managed to enhance protection of individual liberties (greater insurance than ever that "it can't happen here") without any real dilution of legitimate law enforcement efforts. If anything, the reality is just the opposite of what the public thinks. Sentimental liberalism has not been a major problem. The problem comes from the other side. Conservative sentimentalism, particularly on our highest court, has in complex ways probably impaired both constitutional rights *and* effective law enforcement.

CONSIDER THE exclusionary rule, the remedy the Warren Court imposed on the states to enforce the Fourth Amendment's protections against unreasonable search and seizure. The premise of the rule is simple: if evidence is obtained unconstitutionally, it may not be introduced at trial. The reasons for it, originally, were two. First, it was thought to corrupt the system of justice for courts to use the products of illegal searches—a "judicial integrity" rationale. Second, it was hoped that police would conduct fewer illegal searches if they knew the result would not help gain convictions—a "deterrence" rationale.

Because the Burger Court discarded the "judicial integrity" idea, recent criticism of the exclusionary rule has focused on its deterrent purpose. Does it make sense, as Benjamin Cardozo once put it, to "let the criminal go free because the constable has blundered"? Taking the analysis at this level, the answer is easy: in the case of a well-intentioned officer, doing his or her level best to observe constitutional proprieties, it certainly does not make sense. If the officer was *already* trying to do what was right, what deterrent purpose could possibly be served by suppressing the evidence obtained?

But if we don't intend for the Constitution to become a dead letter, then *some* kind of enforcement mechanism is essential. And constructing a workable constitutional remedy means taking a *systemic* view of the criminal justice process, not one that focuses sentimentally on the "innocent," well-meaning cop. The Burger/Rehnquist Court consistently gave into just such sentimentalism. A prime culprit is the so-called "good faith" exception to the exclusionary rule. This sensible-sounding change allows the use of illegally gathered evidence when the officer who obtained it did not know that what he did was wrong. The Burger Court created this exception to "protect" the officer who relied upon what later turned out to be a defective search warrant, issued by a magistrate based on insufficient evidence. Many conservatives have urged the Court to create a "good faith" exception for mistakes committed by the officer himself, an exception deleted from the latest drug bill only at the very last minute.

But if such an exception becomes available, what smart officer, at a pretrial suppression hearing, will *not* say that he "meant well"—and believe it? Of course he "means well"; fighting crime is hard, boring, and highly dangerous work. People don't do it so that they can become millionaires. Moreover, even if the question is narrower—whether the police officer sincerely thought his actions were permitted by the Constitution—does society want the officer's opinion to be the only one that matters? Although individual cases of suppressing "good faith" evidence may seem stupid, the only real alternative is to delegate the entire matter to the individual cop. With all the considerable respect that's due our law enforcement officers, trusting solely in the individual officer's "good faith" would create a completely lawless system. The effective result of a broad "good faith" exception of the sort now widely proposed would be to eliminate entirely the opportunity for meaningful judicial review.

IN ITS OBSESSION with the predicament of the forgivably mistaken officer—its uncontrollable frustration at seeing undeniably guilty individuals go free—the Burger Court abdicated its prime institutional responsibility within the criminal justice system: to establish comprehensible and enforceable ground rules.

The Fourth Amendment's "warrant clause" could easily be read to establish an ironclad rule that searches and arrests may be conducted only with a formal written warrant, issued by a magistrate on the basis of sworn testimony establishing "probable cause." Even the Warren Court recognized that such an absolute rule was inadequate for the myriad unanticipated situations of modern life. Consequently, that Court, and the ones before it, allowed a few "jealously and carefully drawn" exceptions, for example allowing police to search suspects for weapons while making an arrest, and to inspect automobiles without detaining the driver while a warrant is obtained or allowing him to drive away.

The Burger Court consistently failed to recognize that exceptions of this sort can only be kept from swallowing the rule if they are *kept* narrowly—and clearly—limited. Out of a misplaced zeal to punish individual malefactors,

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it began behaving like a neighborhood police court, cluttering its docket with insignificant cases simply because it could not bear the sight of particular individuals going free. In the process, the Republican-dominated Court converted Fourth Amendment jurisprudence into the impossibly confused quagmire it is today—piling exception upon exception, creating exceptions *to* exceptions, until not even the legal treatise writers can figure out exactly what the law is, or conscientious officers figure out how to act. In short, it was the conservative Burger Court, not the liberal Warren Court, that made search and seizure law a labyrinth of muddled "technicalities." And then opponents of the exclusionary rule seized upon the mess conservatives had themselves created as an excuse for abolishing the rule completely.

Because releasing clearly guilty suspects to vindicate the Constitution is indeed unattractive, it is frequently proposed to replace the exclusionary rule with some kind of civil damage suit by the person whose rights are violated. In fact, such tort remedies *already* exist, and everyone knows from long experience that juries will hardly ever award any substantial damages against a cop, even to an innocent citizen. "Everyone" includes the police themselves, which means lawsuits will never have any serious deterrent value. Civil lawsuits also put the burden of enforcing the Constitution on the shoulders of private citizens who may not, individually, have the time, resources, or inclination to pursue every violation. For all its faults, the exclusionary rule is at least self-executing. Although there are various ideas floating around to address these questions, no one has really shown how to get around the basic problem that a civil action simply has no credible bite.

Criminal prosecution of errant police—another oft-suggested alternative to the exclusionary rule—wouldn't work either. According to Professor Stephen A. Saltzburg of the University of Virginia (now deputy head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division), both the federal government and his home state have long had perfectly fine criminal statutes on their books prohibiting illegal searches. No officer, however, has ever been convicted under the federal statute, and the Virginia one, in all its history, has never once been used. And vigorously prosecuting cops would just make it impossible for the district attorneys and the officers to work together anyway.

WHAT ABOUT the supposed costs of enforcing the exclusionary rule with rigor? Of course there are individual horror cases: the man who raped your wife—or you—but goes free because a well-intentioned officer accidentally goofed. Still, despite the terrible human pain such incidents inflict, any policy-maker or justice who worries obsessively about criminals going free because of "soft" criminal procedures faces a statistical uphill battle in a society where half the crimes go unreported, two-thirds of those reported go unsolved, and four out of every five crimes committed therefore never get to court at all.

Even among cases that get to court, the "cost" of the exclusionary rule is very small. Critics often cite a 1982 report by the National Institute of Justice reviewing the experience of California, which allegedly concluded that 4.8 percent of state court prosecutions fail because evidence has been thrown out on exclusionary rule grounds. In fact, 4.8 percent is the proportion of *rejected* cases in which the prosecution fails for search and seizure reasons. In other words, only one out of every 20 that are *dismissed* can be blamed on the exclusionary rule. The percentage of *all* criminal cases that founder on search and seizure issues is 0.8 percent, hardly a major public policy concern.

A comprehensive 1979 General Accounting Office study of the exclusionary rule's effect on federal prosecutions found similar results. According to the GAO, in only 1.3 percent of the federal cases was any evidence excluded on Fourth Amendment grounds. And in more than half of those cases—a factor that is usually overlooked—the defendant was convicted *anyway*. In other words, the effective cost of the exclusionary rule to federal prosecutors, *before* the Burger Court created the "good faith" standard, was—at worst—a negligible 0.65 percent. And since the vast majority of these cases involve drug possession, rather than violent offenses against person or property, the threat to public order represented by the rule diminishes to the vanishing point. A 1979 study of Washington, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, and New Orleans found in all those cities exactly one homicide case that was aborted because of the exclusionary rule, and no rape arrests at all.

Although politicians still clamor for exclusionary rule reform, in light of these realities it is no surprise that growing numbers of law enforcement experts agree with Reagan-appointed FBI Director William Sessions, who told the Senate Judiciary Committee during his confirmation hearings in 1987, "As a former judge, . . . I know that the protections that are afforded by the exclusionary rule are extremely important to . . . fair play, and the proper carrying out of the law enforcement responsibility. . . . [B]y and large, I am happy with it the way it is."

NOW LET'S TAKE *Miranda*. This notorious decision required officers to warn those they arrest of their rights to be silent and to consult a lawyer. It also required the police to refrain from interrogation if a suspect refused to waive those rights. Liberals won't admit it, but as an example of judicial craftsmanship *Miranda* v. *Arizona* is a terrible piece of work, and a highly inflammatory one. Long, rambling, drawing on dubious authority, and full of smarmy '60s rhetoric, it undeniably represents a highly overt form of judicial activism. It is not surprising that it was greeted with a storm of protest when first issued back in 1966.

But what the Court actually did should not have been so controversial. Earl Warren didn't invent the *Miranda* warnings. J. Edgar Hoover did. *Miranda* merely extended to the states the FBI's internal regulations on interrogating suspects, which the agency had adopted at its own initiative more than 20 years before. Civil liberties advocates had urged the Court to go further than it did in *Miranda*: to require not only that suspects be informed of their rights, but that they be precluded from *waiving* them. They would

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have required not just notice of a "right" to a lawyer before a suspect could be questioned, as *Miranda* does, but the presence of an *actual* lawyer. And an actual lawyer would indeed have prevented all but the most demonstrably innocent suspects from talking.

This year, however, the big story about *Miranda* is that it isn't a big story. In large part, this is because of an emerging consensus among scholars and police officials that *Miranda* "works." One reason, as a series of studies has shown, is that the *Miranda* procedure, precisely because it is so intrusive, specific, and detailed—in short, so resolutely "activist"—is easily enforceable, and easy to train officers to obey. Whatever its jurisprudential deficiencies, it is at least not very hard to follow.

Moreover, *Miranda* also streamlines the criminal justice process. Even before *Miranda*, suspects' confessions were not just automatically admitted. Defendants frequently made motions to suppress them under the vague "voluntariness" standard that previously applied. Consequently, courts and police officers were required to conduct time-consuming, fact-intensive hearings concerning the details of a particular incident, to determine whether a suspect's statements had been improperly coerced. Since *Miranda*, courts need only inquire whether the more mechanical requirements of *Miranda* were observed: whether the prescribed warnings were delivered at the appropriate times. If they were, the confession almost always gets admitted.

Like the Fourth Amendment exclusionary rule, *Miranda* turns out to have virtually no effect on the system's ability to convict guilty suspects. At the time that the decision was issued, leading experts estimated that it would cut the conviction rate by something like four percent. However, despite an initial drop, after about a year conviction rates were higher than they'd been before it. Two factors were responsible.

First, despite the warnings, an amazing number of suspects continued to waive their rights, having more faith than was justified in their ability to "talk their way out of it," being so guilt-stricken (or such tough guys) that they couldn't keep their mouths shut, or—as with so many other consumer warnings—simply disregarding them. Second, it turned out that the necessity of getting confessions in order to secure convictions had been overestimated. Juries turned out to be just as willing to convict on solid evidence of other kinds, and this knowledge quickly filtered into plea bargaining calculations. The "worst case" study, performed in Pittsburgh shortly after *Miranda* came down, found a drop-off in the confession rate of 17 percent, but no reduction in the conviction rate. After Ernest Miranda's own confession was thrown out, he was retried. And reconvicted.

UNLIKE THE exclusionary rule, *Miranda* really was about protecting the innocent. Former prosecutors Earl Warren and Hugo Black both knew that the "third degree" wasn't something out of Hollywood, and that innocent people were regularly being subjected to it. Their concern was not just that formal proprieties were being violated, or that undue pressure was being applied.

But if large numbers of innocent people were previously being convicted, why didn't *Miranda* reduce the conviction rate? Either the Warren Court overestimated the innocence problem or it may be that *Miranda*'s protections have been so watered-down by Burger Court interpretations that they aren't effective. Because *Miranda* only applied to (1) "interrogation" of suspects who were (2) "in custody" and who (3) refused to "waive" their rights—not one of which terms was seriously defined—there was plenty of room for vitiating interpretation. Despite an almost total lack of evidence that the *Miranda* rules were broken, the Burger Court did an awful lot of fixing.

IN 1980 the Burger Court upheld a conviction obtained because officers in the front seat of their squad car carried on a conversation, ostensibly between themselves, in the presence of a murder suspect in the back who had asserted his right to silence, about how tragic it would be if the missing murder weapon were accidentally discovered by a handicapped child at a nearby school. The remorseful suspect, "overhearing" their conversation, took them to the weapon and thereby slipped the noose around his neck. The Court held this wasn't an "interrogation." According to Columbia Law Professor Richard Uviller's new book, *Tempered Zeal*, which recounts a year's experience working in a New York precinct house, since 1980 an astonishing number of officers now suddenly seem to get worried about many different things whenever they're driving suspects to the station house.

Some people will think it's good to try to trick presumptively innocent suspects out of their basic rights, even after they've asserted them. Others will think the practice makes a mockery of *Miranda*'s clear intent. But either way it certainly helps explain why nobody is still complaining about *Miranda*.

Although conservatives still undermine police morale by complaining about the "handcuffs" *Miranda* placed on them, no one is even really trying anymore to get it overturned. Even former Attorney General Edwin Meese, despite continually expressing outrage on the subject, never even attempted to use a considerable weapon at his disposal: Title II of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, in which Congress tried to outlaw *Miranda*'s application in federal courts. Neither Meese, nor any of his predecessors, has directed federal agencies to observe this statute, or even shape a single test case in which to try the statute's constitutionality. Perhaps in the end Meese was forced to agree with the nation's best-known crime fighter, U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani of New York, that "the *Miranda* warnings are simple and easy to give and are known by everyone. As a matter of reality and practicality, [*Miranda*] doesn't prevent anyone from confessing who wants to confess." And perhaps this is why the 1988 Republican Party platform, which complains about everything else in the criminal justice system, is conspicuously silent about *Miranda*.

A third conservative complaint about "liberal" techni-

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calities, created by the Warren Court, that let criminals off the hook concerns the right to federal habeas corpus, which the Warren Court expanded. Habeas is one of the most basic principles of Anglo-American jurisprudence, going back to the Magna Charta, which guarantees that someone held in custody can have a court determine if that custody is legal. As the barons at Runnymede knew, a strong right to habeas review represents the ultimate protection against governmental tyranny, and the ultimate guarantee that a free society will stay that way. In our federal system, federal habeas review of state convictions ensures that our constitutional liberties are enforced in a nationally uniform way. We don't want one Constitution to be applied in Rhode Island and a different one in Georgia. And the mere threat of such review helps keep the state courts constitutionally honest.

Although the public's basic gripe with federal habeas concerns the delay it imposes on obtaining a final disposition of criminal cases, the politicians have chosen to articulate this concern in terms of the supposed clogging of the federal courts. Supporters of restricting habeas, led by Democratic Senator Bob Graham of Florida, point at the surge in federal habeas filings in recent years; since 1980 habeas petitions have risen more than 225 percent. But what else should you expect in a country where incarceration has more than tripled? Moreover, as figures recently compiled by the ACLU have shown, the 9,500 petitions attacking state convictions filed in 1987 represent just 3.9 percent of the more than 238,000 cases filed that year in federal district courts.

TO BE SURE, there is something illogical about a system that permits endless, repeated federal re-evaluations years after the original conviction. But the reasons for this system are ones its critics ought to like. Out of respect for state autonomy (to give them first crack at catching their own mistakes), and to control that worrisome federal docket, the law requires that a prisoner exhaust all opportunities for state review before a federal habeas suit can even be commenced. Here in Buffalo it can take four years just to get to the *first* level of *state* appeal.

Yet Congress might still struggle to draft a docket-clearing statute, designed to eliminate repetitive attacks on state convictions, provided just one thing: that prisoners be guaranteed a court-provided lawyer who knows the ins and outs of federal habeas procedure. Much of today's profusion of wasteful and repetitious habeas cases is due to the fact that 95 percent of all habeas cases are filed by the uneducated prisoners themselves (which also no doubt accounts for the remarkable fact that 98.8 percent of them never get to trial). Giving prisoners lawyers would not only help assure fairness, but would make the cases clearer, allowing them to be more efficiently, and finally, disposed of. In that situation, the law could give the ordinary prisoner just one more shot, to guarantee the abstract value of presenting all the claims *the prisoner* thinks important. Further petitions in non-capital cases could be limited to a few specified circumstances—like the discovery of constitutionally significant new evidence, or changes in the law. Where capital punishment is at stake—that statistically insignificant number of cases where *no* mistakes are tolerable—the limits would not apply.

ALTHOUGH NO ONE now remembers it, each of the Warren Court's big cases was preceded by others, in which the Court gave fair warning to criminal justice policy-makers that it saw deficiencies that needed to be corrected. In each instance, the Court invited the other players to act first, and waited a decent interval before creating remedies of its own. The Warren Court's "judicial activism" was quite real, and the politicians who complained about it were the ones who made it happen. For the contemporary American politician, from Richard Nixon on, the Supreme Court of Earl Warren has been a political godsend. Someone other than themselves could be blamed for crime.

But as drugs and their disorder spread, even the politicians are being forced to recognize that the crime problem in America is caused by something larger than constitutional procedures. Frustrated businessmen on New York's "restaurant row" don't call in the Guardian Angels because they dislike *Miranda*. Frightened residents of D.C. housing projects don't turn to the Nation of Islam because of the exclusionary rule. The reason isn't that there are "handcuffs on the police." The reason is not enough police with handcuffs. Effective law enforcement means more than merely making the criminal justice process more efficient. It means making it stronger. But more police—if that's part of what an effective war on crime requires—means stronger controls on their behavior too.

Efficiency is not the only goal. Justice is another one, and so is maintaining a free society. No one says that having trials is efficient either. It would be a lot easier just to let "law and order" forces shoot a suspect when they catch him. That's what they used to do in Argentina. So far, fortunately, no one is proposing that we do it here.

In the recent successful effort to achieve meaningful reform of welfare, it was the left that had to swallow hard and make some painful counterideological admissions—that dependence had indeed been fostered by well-intended programs. When it comes to crime, the situation is reversed. If our approach to crime is ever to get serious, it is the other side's turn to be the first to blink.

At the level of constitutional enforcement, clearer rules, even overbroad ones—the kind that will inevitably generate a distressing amount of pain to individuals—nonetheless have a more positive net effect on the criminal justice process than superficially tougher ones, overly fine-tuned, that subsequently break down in practice. There are, to be sure, plenty of "technicalities" that could go, but they're mostly at the state court level.

As a man President Reagan has called a "national hero" once told reporters with characteristic melodrama through the window of his jeep, thousands of good Americans have "died face down in the mud" to protect a defendant's rights in the criminal justice process. Supreme Court justices should protect them too. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Class Wars

Buster is encouraging. First, a genre film—or to put it baldly, a standard plot—has been given fresh vitality. Second, as happens occasionally, an old rubric has been reversed: art here imitates life. Colin Shindler's screenplay, if the press kit is to be believed, hews to facts. By sticking to those facts, the filmmakers refreshed a formula.

Buster
(Hemdale)
High Spirits
(Tri-Star)

None of us can count the number of perfect-crime films we have seen or avoided. *Buster*, however, was worth doing and is worth seeing because of its characters and its social implications. The crime is the Great Train Robbery in England in 1963 when 15 small-time crooks stopped a train and made off with £2.6 million. The perfect part of the crime was its execution; somewhat less perfect were the results. In a relatively short time, nine of the gang were caught, tried, and sentenced. Buster Edwards, one of the gang, escaped from England with plenty of loot, yet eventually returned to face certain imprisonment. The film tells us why.

Primarily *Buster* is a love story, about two kinds of love. He was married, very happily, and the pair had a small daughter. June Edwards treated her husband's occupation as if it were plumbing or bricklaying, just another kind of job. They lived in a scruffy apartment in a scruffy part of London and had few ambitions other than one day to own their own home.

When the police began to close in after the train robbery, Buster fled to Mexico; wife and daughter soon followed. It looked like happily ever after in the tropics, as more than one such film has ended. But there was a catch. June hated Mexico. She missed England—not the precious stone set in the silver sea but the grubby East End London that she loved, the soot and noise, the fish-and-chips, the pubs. Eventually she broke loose and returned with her daughter. Buster was desolate. He knew the risk in returning, but he couldn't stand being separated from his wife and child. He returned, and things worked out . . . well, as they worked out.

The prison sentences given to the first nine men lead to the matter of class. The robber band was very much prole. Their success in getting away with so much money pleased a lot of ordinary people in Britain (no one was seriously hurt in the robbery); the robbers became folk heroes of a sort, Robin Hoods who had robbed the rich and given to the poor—themselves. High officialdom was much disturbed by the robbers' popularity. It was the time of the Profumo scandal, and the government was uneasy anyway. A government nob had a private meeting at his club (at least as shown here) with a high judge, urging that very stiff sentences be handed down in this case to puncture public approval of the crime. The nob suggested 30 years, which is what the first nine got. (Buster, returning to England voluntarily, got 15 years and served nine.) So the film presents working-class crime and the ruling class's harsh punishment of it to prevent emulation by other proles.

The director, David Green, nicely evokes the two loves: between Buster and June, between June and the East End. As for class distinction, two Green touches stand out. The club, where the nob and the judge meet, says all that needs to be said on the pukka sahib side. And when the gang is on the way to the robbery, they stop to pick up a retired engine driver who is to handle the train for them. He comes out of a tiny cottage built in the shadow of a looming gas tank.

This is the first feature film for Phil Collins, the well-known rock singer who plays Buster. (Three of his numbers are part of the sound track.) Probably he is already tired of being compared to Bob Hoskins, but he does resemble Hoskins in look and build and energy. Collins doesn't have the demonic spirit of the other man, but he does a highly creditable job, with verve and care. Julie Walters, who distanced this viewer in *Educating Rita* and *Personal Services*, homes in on June in cozy truthful style. If the real June had liked Mexico, the story would have had a different ending; but Walters makes June's nostalgia utterly real, and her interplay with Collins gives this cops-and-robbers story a warm center.

High Spirits is depressing. This is a comedy about an Irish lord, on his uppers, trying to pay the mortgage on his huge old castle by taking in paying guests. To heighten the castle's appeal to plebeian tourists, he coaches some of his staff to serve as ghosts, so that he can advertise the place as haunted. The guests come—vulgar types, naturally—the phony ghosts appear, but so do two real ones, a lord and the lady he murdered on their wedding night 200 years ago and whom he now keeps on murdering. The plot works out the rematching

FILMS WORTH SEEING

A Cry in the Dark. Meryl Streep plays the mother of a murdered infant in a script based on a notorious Australian case. Another of Streep's miraculous transformations, though the role keeps her strangely remote. (Reviewed 12/5/88)

Far North. Jessica Lange is lovely in this loony, unorthodox Sam Shepard work. A Minnesota family, with some man-woman troubles anyway, further riven by hatred of a horse. (Yes, a horse.) A funny, disorderly attempt at a modern folk tale. (11/28/88)

Hotel Terminus. Marcel Ophuls's latest documentary deals with the career of Klaus Barbie, before, during, and after the war. Overlong and discursive but with terrible strengths. (10/24/88)

The Last Temptation of Christ. Martin Scorsese takes the bloated Kazantzakis novel very seriously and makes some of it moving. Willem Dafoe plays Jesus with vernacular simplicity. (9/12&19/88)

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of that pair with a live American pair who are quarreling, and all problems about corporeality are solved.

Presumably Neil Jordan, who wrote and directed, knows *The Ghost Goes West*, the Robert Sherwood-René Clair comedy of 1935. If Jordan does know it, he ought to have learned from it. He mangles this project dreadfully, right from the start. The opening is clumsy, and the clumsiness gets worse. The plot premise has possibilities, but Jordan smothers them with failed gags and with a pace that jerks along like a faulty flivver.

But the really depressing element is the performance of Peter O'Toole as the lord. Not that he is bad. What's depressing is that in some ways he is just as good as ever—which is to say, superb. But as he rampages through this film, delivering tirades, winding lofty rhetoric like streamers in the air around him, he discloses how little he now cares about his great talent.

Discloses it yet again. He showed it previously with his posturings and mouthings in *The Last Emperor*, with his egomaniacal cavortings as Henry Higgins in the Broadway production of *Pygmalion*. He has made a sub-career of playing lords: the lordly T. E. Lawrence, the Scottish lord in *Brotherly Love*, the English lord in *The Ruling Class*. Those performances had an intensity, a total subscription, that carried them past the characters themselves to quintessence. Now he plays this Irish lord with the same incomparably ranging voice, with subtle inflection—and with no concern. Older now, his feminine-masculine features blurred beyond his age, his movements more angular than engaging, he displays his gifts, he doesn't employ them. John Gielgud's latter-day performances show us a great actor on the other side of the slope. O'Toole's recent performances show us an actor who reached the slope before he touched the greatness that might have been his. Of course it's not too late (I hope) for me to eat my words; but meanwhile it's depressing.

Expletive note. Several readers have said that I misquoted a line in my review of Sam Shepard's *Far North*. I went to see it again—with even greater enjoyment—and they're right. In the first scene, when Charles Durning is trying to rein in the runaway horse, he shouts, "You son of a bitch," not "You bastard." It's in a later scene that he calls the horse a bastard. □

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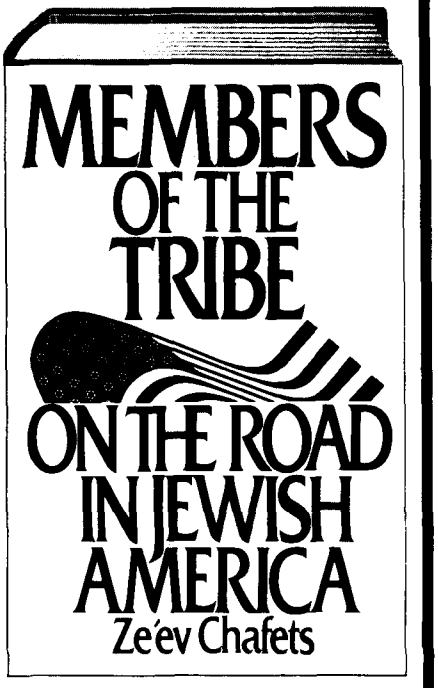

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HERBERT MUSCHAMP ON ARCHITECTURE

The Lie of the Land

Soon, when the vines begin to spread their leaves over walls and columns, softening the raw look of freshly poured concrete, San Antonio's new Lucille Halsell Conservatory will grow into the design its architect envisioned. Even as it looks now, however, Emilio Ambasz's first major building is recognizably a milestone in contemporary architecture. With post-Modern historicism collapsing back into history, and deconstructivism fitfully subsiding beneath the featherweight of its theories, many architects today—including some linked to these two movements—have begun looking to landscape to refresh their vision. Ambasz's dramatically landscaped building rises like an early settlement on this new conceptual terrain.

In appearance, the conservatory is more settlement than building: a complex of variously shaped enclosures half-sunk into the Texas soil like some hybrid village of the Stone Age and the Space Age. At a distance, the conservatory complex presents a sparkling, crystalline skyline of aluminum and glass pyramids and truncated cones, but to enter this deceptively Modern space the visitor plunges through an opening in a rough stone wall into the bowels of the earth primeval. No other exterior walls define this as "a building." Instead, the land has been bulldozed into a three-acre earthen container whose edges blend seamlessly with the surrounding landscape of San Antonio's 33-acre Botanical Gardens. What lies beyond that wall is an essay on the relationship of nature to civilization, and on the power of architecture to define that relationship.

The first space a visitor walks into is a cylindrical outdoor room occupied by a single tree (at present a California fan palm), eloquent with symbolic significance in its solitude and its circular surroundings; this is the tree on which the idea of "shelter" first was hung, the first post, the tree commemorated in the leafy capitals of Egyptian and Greek columns. The room cues us that in this conservatory we are not just going to see plants, we will be touring a metaphysical reflection on how we see plants, on how the ways in which we perceive the environment constitute an initial form of our power to transform the surface of the earth.

From this opening statement, the conservatory's grand circuit progresses along an arcade surrounding an open trapezoidal courtyard, an arrangement adapted from traditional architecture of the Southwest. The courtyard is bordered by five enclosed rooms (lit by the metal and glass skylights that compose the "skyline" you see from outside), each with a different climate to support a variety of flora ranging from tall desert cacti to rare tropical ferns. The rooms themselves also range considerably in design—from the fern room's artificial grotto, complete with waterfall, fog machine, and imitation rock walls of molded fiberglass, to a soaring glass palm house that terminates the conservatory's formal axis with a cathedral-like reach toward the sky. In the center of the courtyard, a free-form pool reflects the sky amid clusters of aquatic flowers. Soil, light, water: the elements of natural creation are brought together in symbolic amorphousness at the heart of this finely tuned, man-made structure.

Like the building, the career of 44-year-old Emilio Ambasz has taken time to grow. *Creation is a Patient Search*, the title of a book by Le Corbusier, could also summarize the calm deliberation with which Ambasz has followed his singular path in the era of post-Modern glitz. Forty-four may not be so advanced an age for an architect to build his first major work, but Ambasz has been a prominent figure in the architectural community for nearly two decades. As curator of design at the Museum of Modern Art in the early 1970s, Ambasz organized exhibitions that stressed the possibilities for continuing evolution within the Modern tradition. His show on Italian design in 1972, and on Luis Baragan in 1974, showed how sumptuous Modern design could be if it would only forget about the brain and concentrate on the body; if it were willing to be playful, to be sensuous, to relax in the sun for a while and exchange its bleak white pallor for a tan and some tropical colors.

Since 1976, when he left the museum to start his own firm, Ambasz has achieved success as an industrial designer of objects ranging from manual shavers to diesel engines. But his reputation in the architectural community is based largely on a series of unbuilt projects notable for the introduction of landscape as an architectural (perhaps, more strictly, an anti-architectural) element: private houses carved into the earth, a flotilla of museum galleries floating on a lagoon, an urban plaza sunk beneath an eye-level canopy of the tops of trees. Ambasz has written that his use of landscape reflects the need "for finding ways of gracefully relating and juxtaposing the artificial to the natural," a search for "the roots of a genuinely balanced architecture as a form of man-made nature."

It was the strength of these unrealized projects that led the San Antonio administrators to call upon Ambasz three years ago for a proposal for the new conservatory. The choice was, as they say, inspired; it's exciting to see an architect make the transition from theory to practice. And yet the irony is that the very particulars that made Ambasz an excellent choice for this project turn out to be disadvantages in clarifying what his architecture is about. For one thing, since a conservatory, unlike a museum or a research facility, is inherently about nature, Ambasz's use of nature here loses much of its polemical thrust. We know from his writing that for Ambasz the use of earth walls signifies the "elimination of architecture," but in the context of a botanical garden, such a reading becomes absurd: even half-buried, his conservatory has introduced into this natural setting the most assertively "architectural" presence for miles around.

Moreover, the traditional landscaping of the surrounding gardens makes one acutely conscious that Ambasz's rooms lack the enveloping lushness that the word "conservatory" traditionally conjures up. When you enter the classic greenhouse, your feet crunch on gravel, you inhale the mossy scent of damp earth, you push aside a palm frond and step onto a path that invites exploration. That sense of invitation is missing here. In most of the rooms, you enter onto a wide concrete apron that runs the full length of the space. And because the planting beds are set on raised tiers, you can see the entire scheme laid out before you when you walk inside; there's no incentive of surprise to lure you on. Even in the fern room, with its tropical mists, the path is fully visible from the entrance; the image of lushness does not blossom into the space it occupies. When the conservatory's concrete surfaces are covered with vines, the impression will be lusher, but the surfaces will still be flat.

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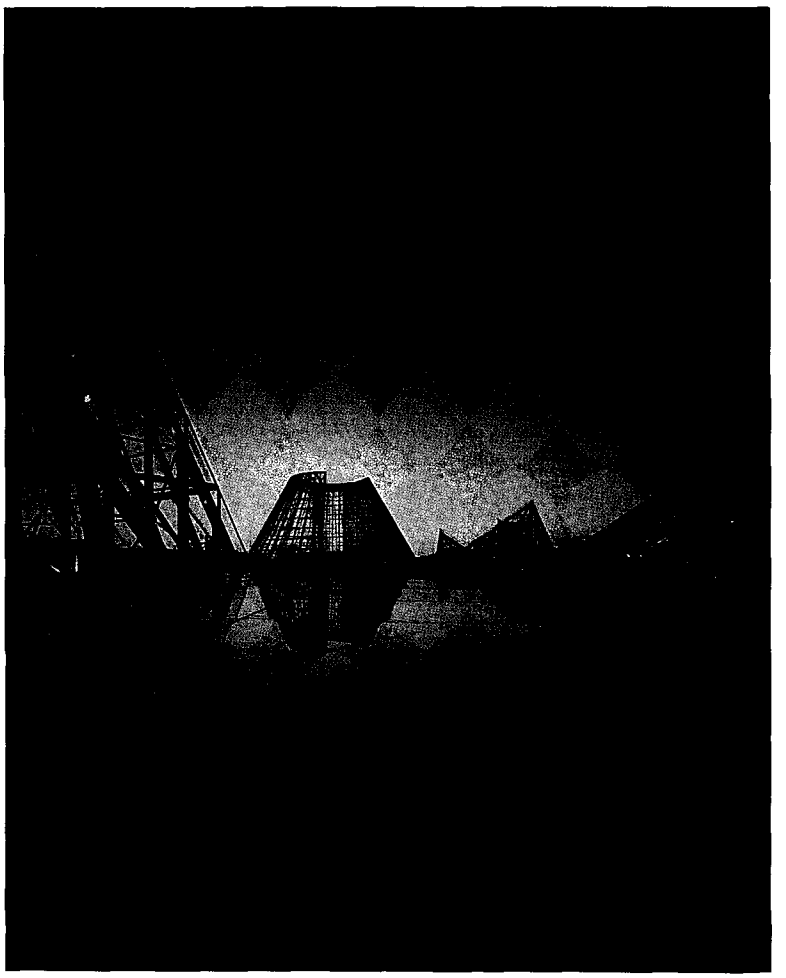
Ambasz may have thought that to bury the entire complex beneath the earth would provide an abundant sense of natural enclosure, but in fact, though the image of excavated earth reads strongly when you are on the hillside looking down into the courtyard, from within the complex itself you don't have that much awareness of the bermed earth outside. You could almost be inside any building on a normal grade level. These effects may not be miscalculations. Ambasz did not set out to create Adventureland, or the kind of fairy-tale winter garden that has become the cliché of corporate lobbies and hotel atriums across the country. I doubt it was his intention that we should feel buried. Still, I suspect that, as an architect long accustomed to working on the scale of models and drawings, he may have overestimated our ability to retain a design concept in memory as we progress through different kinds of space.

What is bound to be a more serious problem for some observers, however, is that, for all its focus on nature, this building is maddeningly indifferent to the environmental crisis inevitably evoked by that very focus. That is the central paradox raised by Ambasz's work as a whole. Ambasz didn't mastermind the greenhouse effect, didn't organize a conspiracy to fill last summer's newspapers with headlines on quarantined beaches, ozone holes, depleted rain forests, and Third World outrage over American plans to dump our garbage on foreign soil. But with his first new building now completed, and a major retrospective of his entire work due this February at the Museum of Modern Art, his timing could not have been better. For it isn't only battle fatigue over the "Style Wars" that has driven architects to start looking at land—and at Ambasz, an architect who's been patiently tilling the land for some years. It is also the growing awareness that they can no longer afford to look at the earth as a roll of tracing paper that can be thrown into the wastebasket when we goof up.

The San Antonio conservatory will do little, however, to establish Ambasz as the answer to the Sierra Club's prayers. Yes, the earth walls will save energy costs. Take, for instance, the "Alpine Window," the first display you come to after that initial solitary tree. A look-in environment about the size of a refrigerator, filled with northern flora, this display appears to be the kind of self-contained ecosystem that can sustain itself indefinitely without human intervention. But look again. If the plants look shockingly healthy, it is because management has taken to replacing peaked-looking specimens with more spritely greens; evidently visitors didn't cotton to the look of edelweiss in its dormant phase. And the window isn't just the size of a refrigerator, it *is* a refrigerator, a mammoth crisper box supported by "backstage" air-cooling equipment the size of six Frigidaires. So what we're seeing in this shrine to nature is the botanical equivalent of those Miami hotels where the air conditioning is maintained at arctic levels to allow guests to promenade their minks.



SKYLINE, LUCILLE HALSELL CONSERVATORY, SAN ANTONIO

The remainder of the conservatory isn't artificial to this degree, but throughout the complex there is the constant hum of circulated air, the click and whir of computer-driven mechanisms that adjust the windows, the sense of nature sanitized, deodorized, pressed under glass. It is disconcerting, in the second-largest of the rooms, to see that plants are in pots set into the ground, rather like a florist shop. Just as Le Corbusier's houses were handcrafted to look like machine products, so Ambasz's conservatory begins to look like a sophisticated high-tech product engineered in the image of nature.

Of course, to criticize these elements is to take issue with the fundamental premise of a conservatory. Conservatories are artificial environments designed to protect plants that could not survive local climates. This is not a terrarium; we're not being misled. More to the point, Ambasz has never represented himself as an environmentalist. Indeed, you can infer from his writings that he is temperamentally alien to the strident polemic of environmentalism. Though he accepts the formal inventiveness of Modernism, he rejects its Utopian belief that forms of individual buildings should be justified by their power to evoke a perfected future.

Ambasz believes that the architect's task is fundamentally one of image-making, of inventing local responses to conditions in the present. This raises the question whether present conditions are not now so extreme that it is irresponsible for architects to concern themselves with images, whether strident polemic isn't just what's called for. To state the problem in more general terms, a building like Ambasz's compels us to ask

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whether the environmental crisis has circumscribed the architect's freedom to speak in the language of metaphor. Many people are genuinely outraged to hear architects going on about art while the world goes to hell in a hand basket. They see architecture as something wholly concerned with the material world—the "real" world of "real" buildings that address "real" problems, not only environmental pollution but also housing, crime, and other issues of urban life. They reject the idea that architects can also function on the level of symbol customarily accorded artists and writers.

MANY ARCHITECTS themselves, including those who do claim the right to work with image and metaphor, are not unreceptive to these criticisms. The opportunity to work on the level of material reality, after all, is what drew many of them to architecture in the first place, instead of to painting or writing. Moreover, architects were as nervous as anyone else last summer. They like a beach vacation as much as the next person. And they know that they bear a greater responsibility than the next person for the garbage on the beach. They may not be the biggest villains in the environmental crisis (they're not manufacturing fluorocarbons or dumping radioisotopes at sea), but their products are among its most conspicuous targets. And they know that they are members of an organized profession that has shown a conspicuous reluctance to accept their share of responsibility.

At the same time, no one is more aware than architects of the gap between what society expects of them and the tools it has placed in their command. They know that their ability to reform the material world is limited not only by the inertia of their own traditions, but also by the way the material world itself operates. Architects are rarely called upon to initiate projects; at most, they are hired to package them with a look, a style. They work at metaphor in part because of material powerlessness, and also because they have learned from their own history that this level affords them the greatest potential to influence the built world. To this extent, the metaphoric realm is the architect's real world.

Or, to put it another way, for many architects, architecture is a tool for organizing the interior landscape as well as the exterior landscape. That is the fundamental difference between Ambasz and a building contractor or a manufacturer of solar panels. Ambasz's site is not only the landscape of Texas; he is also building in a landscape that is furnished—he might say cluttered—with tradition, with the history of visual culture, with obsolete distinctions between the natural and the cultural, the material and the ideal, with our fears of environmental catastrophe and our yearning for Arcadia, with our inconsistent determination to live as planetary tourists even as we cry out for roots.

Arcadia, for Ambasz, is an idea to be explored visually, spatially, critically. It is not an authority to be worshiped. He has no desire to substitute nature for technology, not least because that would repeat the Modern fallacy of polarizing the two. Nor has he the inclination to repeat the '60s countercultural self-deception of "living on the earth" with a little help from food stamps. He suggests rather that civilization depends as much on the vitality of the interior landscape as it does on the health of the earth.

I read Ambasz's complex of earth, metal, stone, and glass as an attempt to join these two landscapes, as an act of communion between the material and the ideal, between the conceptual world in which architects visualize aspirations and the physical world in which, with luck and effort, their values attain form. For Ambasz, as for Emerson, architecture is transparently a "mixed art, whose end is sometimes beauty and sometimes use." And one of its uses, as I think Ambasz's building beautifully demonstrates, is to stir us to reconsider the mixture's proper proportions.

NECESSARY FICTIONS

Wallace Stevens
A Biography: The Later Years, 1923-1955
by Joan Richardson

(Morrow, 462 pp., $27.95)

During his years as a surety lawyer for the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, Wallace Stevens would occasionally scribble down a word on a bit of paper, and ask a subordinate to go to the state library and record the definitions given in one of the heavy dictionaries that were a source of his poetic inspiration. He might have done it himself. But it is symbolically apt that he would give a single brick of poetry to a man in business dress who would carry it across the clattering city and then bring it back sanctioned for use. Of all Stevens's little habits at the Hartford, I find this one the most evocative, because it suggests the rich confusion of his quietly complicated existence.

Where do you look for Stevens? The portrait of the artist as mature business executive has always fuddled those who have pondered this life, and a growing response to the fuddlement has been to say that too much has been made of the split between the poet and the insurance lawyer. It seems to me, on the contrary, that too little has been made of it. Stevens himself was acutely sensitive to the discontinuities of his life. He refused to poeticize his business world, and he refused to make a business of his poetry. And yet it's clear that he was stimulated by the rub of the incongruities.

Poetry and business were only two terms in a life composed of clefts and fissures. Struggling for so long with obesity, he could abruptly release himself in big-bellied satisfaction. At the office he was a man of correct and sober deportment, but if the luncheon company were right or the Christmas atmosphere convivial, he could drink his way into memorable intoxication. In the midst of his constrained Northeastern domesticity, he would leave his wife and daughter for high-spirited body-indulging trips to Florida with Arthur Powell, judge and bon vivant. The sudden movement across steep divides: this was the condition of Stevens's life.

Born in 1879, he was raised in Reading, Pennsylvania, in a late Victorian patriarchal family that upheld the sanctity of work but also enjoyed the sweet fruits of labor. Self-reliance was one good thing; piano-playing was another. His father stood for the first, his mother for the second; and the young Stevens

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liked to cast his parents in the contending roles of reason and imagination. He hated to choose between them, with the result that it took him a long time to settle into a secure corporate position, and it took him even longer to find a steady rhythm for composing poetry. After attending Harvard during the last years of the 19th century, he worked briefly as a journalist in New York, became a lawyer, married in 1909, and entered the insurance world that would eventually bring him to Hartford in 1916.

For a long time the poetry came erratically. He had an important imaginative breakthrough shortly before the war broke out, but he didn't publish his first book of poetry, *Harmonium*, until 1924. After *Harmonium* there followed another five years of virtual silence. His most productive (and accomplished phase) began in his middle 50s and covered much of the last two decades of his life.

A PERVASIVE AURA of delay, then, hangs over his life. He was late to publish his first volume of poetry (45), late to be a parent (44), late to become vice president of the Hartford (54), late to win recognition and to collect prizes. Being late meant that he never realized his own image of "the figure of the youth as virile poet." It also meant that he kept largely apart from the bands of young artists, the "youth gangs" (in Wyndham Lewis's phrase) that gathered in cities and beat out collective definitions of the modern sensibility. It is among the ironies of his career that after his death he should be pressed into service by critics and historians competing to define the literary history of our epoch.

As Marjorie Perloff has neatly argued, Stevens and Pound have emerged as the heroes of two rival academic parties. The first, with Hugh Kenner as its most noted voice, insists on the ruptures of modernism: both a rupture with the 19th-century past and a rupture within literary forms. Pound is the central exhibit, the 20th-century revolutionary who shivered 19th-century ideals of poetic unity. The second party, best represented by Harold Bloom, holds that the so-called modernist revolution is a pretense and an evasion. The truth is that we have never surpassed the fertile anxieties that begat the 19th-century mind: the great contests between imagination and reality, poet and society, religion and art. Stevens, according to this view, is our great modern Romantic, the one who tries not to escape the Romantic

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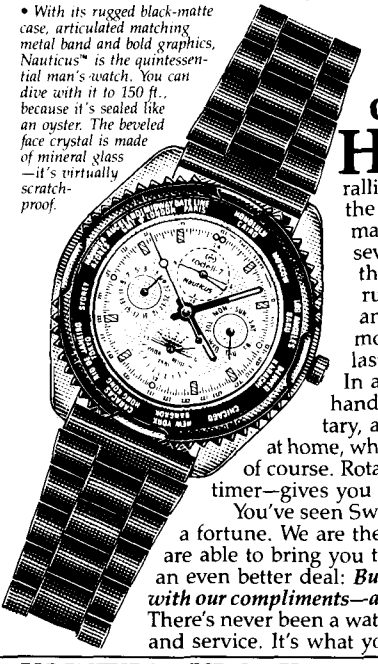

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mission, but heroically to complete it: "The final belief is to believe in a fiction, which you know to be a fiction, there being nothing else. The exquisite truth is to know that it is a fiction and that you believe it willingly."

With the completion of Joan Richardson's biography of Stevens, a new kind of argument can begin, an argument not about difficult works but about difficult lives. Richardson's study is not a dispassionate chronicle; it is a labor of advocacy and persuasion. It seeks to present the life not as mere context for the work, but as a work in its own right, with its own exemplary grandeur. The book has high ambitions for Stevens's life, and for a certain way of telling that life. Both are open to serious question.

A familiar theory of biography lies behind Richardson's study, a theory of biography as immersion, saturation, absorption. Stevens is the tea bag; Richardson is the waiting cup, and she lets him steep until she takes on his flavor. The process is long. It takes two heavy volumes, each large enough to kill the cat, before she lets Stevens return to the grave. This is monumentalist biography. It displays a human life as ample, slow, and dignified, a steadily widening web of connections that can entangle even a smooth stylist like Richardson. Here she is describing Stevens's plans for a trip to Florida in the mid-'20s:

> Perhaps even just a brief sojourn in Florida's "venereal soil" would breed new revelations of the beauty tinged with evil that characterized his work, as Lucky Calhoun, Harriet Monroe's sister (one of those to whom he had sent *Harmonium* in return for her kindness in sending him objects from China where she had been living), noted in her letter of thanks to him (May 24, 1924).

The sentence chokes on its own details, and this danger runs all through the book. Stevens is valuable; his nostril hair is part of Stevens; therefore his nostril hair is valuable. Under the index heading Wallace Stevens you find the following sequence:

> spiritual polarity of,
> as tea connoisseur,
> theater as interest of,
> thyroid ailment of,
> tragic sense of,
> undershirts ordered by,

The endless detail reflects the worthy monumentalist desire to pile high all the ephemera of life, to achieve the special dignity of totality, but the result is that the two large blanks in the biography glare even more cruelly.

DRAWING BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The first blank is Stevens at the Hartford. It is the oddest of gaps. When one considers how much time Stevens spent at the office, how many eyes watched him through how many years, and when one recalls his aphorism "Money is a kind of poetry," then it is impossible to understand the cool disregard of the poet at the executive wheel. It's not as though information is unavailable. In 1983 Peter Brazeau published *Parts of a World*, which comprises a series of interviews with those who actually worked alongside Stevens, who saw the unpoetic gestures that tie a life to earth. But Richardson ignores the workaday business life almost entirely, and the most likely reason is a fastidious assumption that since we are interested in Stevens as a poet, the biographer should follow the trail of the poetic sensibility, not the coarse movements of the business mind. But in a passage quoted by Richardson, Stevens himself offers the strongest argument against such a narrowing of attention:

> I am sure that most people here in Hartford know nothing about the poetry and I am equally sure that I don't want them to know because once they know they don't seem to get over it. I mean that once they know they never think of you as anything but a poet and, after all, one is inevitably much more complicated than that.

Are we most ourselves when we dream alone or when we toil with others? Need it be said that we are mostly both?

The second great blank in the biography is the blank of Stevens's marriage. If nothing were known, the issue would simply drop from consideration. But though only a few chosen guests entered the Stevens house in all those years, intermittent flashes of light came out of the shadows. The obese poet/executive secluded in his room with his slippers and his pen, the friendless wife given to fits of rage, the willful daughter in her red convertible: these are flickering images of a contemporary American gothic, whose deepest stresses it is impossible to gauge.

Richardson, who cannot simply drop the subject, resorts to the apparatus of supposition and hypothesis. "It is quite likely," we are told, "that Stevens appreciated the turns of Elsie's mind." He "must also have been intrigued by her madness." With images of George Burns and Gracie Allen in his head, he "must have chuckled to himself quite often." But must he have? This is not an idle or insignificant issue. What lies behind the

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urge to dress up an absence, to fill in a blank with the illusion of content ("Perhaps she . . . provid[ed] him with phrases or odd perceptions that he turned into some of his curious titles or conceits"), is a craving for coherence, for a tidy resemblance between the dark places and the light places of a life, for a morally acceptable understanding of a worrying piece of experience. The same impulse that mutes the business world rationalizes the world of home.

IF THERE IS a dominant motive urging its way through the book's many pages, it is the desire to retrieve Stevens for the forces of moral enlightenment and political progressivism. Richardson's target is the prevailing view of the poet as conservative businessman and political rightist. She takes his notorious remark "I am pro-Mussolini, personally," and his still more notorious gloss "The Italians have as much right to take Ethiopia from the coons as the coons had to take it from the boa constrictors," and suggests that the comments were a conscious test of his correspondent, Ronald Lane Latimer, "to see what kind of reader Latimer would be." The evidence is Stevens's "clarification" in his next letter:

> While it is true that I have spoken sympathetically of Mussolini, all of my sympathies are the other way: with the coons and the boa constrictors. However, ought I, as a matter of reason, to have sympathized with the Indians as against the Colonists in this country? A man would have to be very thick-skinned not to be conscious of the pathos of Ethiopia or China: or one of these days, if we are not careful, of this country. But that Mussolini is right, practically, has certainly a great deal to be said for it.

Stevens was no fascist, but no more was he the socialist-leaning peace-lover that Richardson paints. He was politically untutored, uncommitted, largely uninterested. During the '30s, when no one could avoid heavy political weather, he made a series of fitful gestures to find an identity. He expressed sympathy for the left, affirmed his belief in "up-to-date capitalism," resigned himself to being called a rightist, used grotesque racial epithets, and never troubled about the unity of his views. The idea that Stevens had a "commitment to the left and to peace" is a wish posing as a fact.

Stevens's silence in the face of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and his defense of reformist capitalism trouble his biographer, who hastens to argue that given "all the other voicings

You deserve a factual look at . . .

The "Troubles" in Israel

Should Israel withdraw from the "West Bank" and Gaza?

For more than a year now, the "troubles" in Israel have been daily front page features and daily fare on the evening television news. Many thoughtful people may have come to the conclusion that peace could come to this troubled part of the world if the Israelis were to withdraw from Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and from Gaza and if they turned these areas over to the Arabs.

What are the facts?

■ It is a fundamental error to believe that the "occupied territories" are at the root of the problem in Palestine. When the British resigned the Palestine mandate in 1947, the United Nations offered a partition plan to the Jews and Arabs living in the area. The Arabs rejected that partition plan out of hand. The Jews accepted partition into a gerrymandered crazy-quilt and even accepted the internationalization of Jerusalem. This diminished and indefensible territory was to be the dreamed-of Jewish homeland and the haven for the pitiful remnants of Nazi Holocaust survivors.

■ But the Arabs would not allow this to happen. It called for "jihad" — holy war. Five Arab armies attacked the Jewish state at the very moment of its birth. They were defeated, but they managed to occupy and to stay in control of the "West Bank", of Gaza, and of the eastern part of Jerusalem. The Arabs were the occupiers: the Jordanians in the "West Bank" and the Egyptians in Gaza.

■ The goal of the terror group known as the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) was obviously not to "liberate" Judea/Samaria and Gaza, which were under Arab control, but "to wipe Israel off the map and drive the Jews into the sea". These goals and sentiments are part of the PLO's unchanging philosophy. The PLO has always opposed and continues to oppose any policy that does not include the destruction of Israel or calls for the establishment of a "secular state" in Palestine instead of Israel. One would expect that to be on the model of Lebanon. It's not an attractive prospect for the Jews of Israel, or for its Arab citizens, for that matter.

■ In 1967, following the victorious Six-Day War, another war that had been imposed on Israel by the Arabs, Israel assumed the administration of Judea/Samaria and Gaza, and united the liberated city of Jerusalem as the nation's capital. Israel's intent, declared and repeated over and over, was to return most of these territories to Arab control, as part of a comprehensive peace treaty. But in the Arab League Khartoum conference, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their "three inalterable no's": no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel. The purpose of the Arabs to "wipe Israel off the map" was re-asserted.

■ People in the United States believe that conflict between nations can be resolved or at least be kept from exploding. Even the cold war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. takes place in a context of relative civility. But the enmity of the Arabs against Israel is of a different nature altogether. For the last 40 years, the Arabs have committed themselves almost single-mindedly to the destruction of Israel — by war, by terror, and now by mob violence, sending their women and teen-age children to throw Molotov cocktails at Israeli civilians and soldiers.

■ There is yearning for peace in Israel, a deep desire to be done with the wars that have been pressed on it without surcease since the very day of its birth. And Israel has proven that it is ready to make territorial concessions for peace. That's what happened with Egypt, to which Israel returned the vast Sinai Peninsula — over 90% of the territory taken by Israel in the Six-Day War — in exchange for recognition and peace. But much greater guarantees with responsible and immediately involved governments would be required to induce Israel to cede any territories in Gaza and Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). Because without the "West Bank", Israel would be militarily indefensible. It would be only nine miles wide at its "waist". All of its major population centers, its industries, its military installations would be within easy mortar range of enemies on the "West Bank". Before Israel could make any further territorial concessions at all, it would have to have ironclad guarantees. And for that to happen, the Arabs must rethink the role of Israel in the Middle East and their relationship to it.

The root of the "problem" is not Israel's administration of the territories. The root is the Arabs' inalterable desire to destroy Israel. No country should be asked to commit national suicide in order to appease world public opinion. Israel is surrounded by implacable enemies. Does anybody really expect the Israelis to turn over the strategically crucial "West Bank" to those who are sworn to destroy them? No solution of the territorial dispute of the "West Bank" and Gaza is possible until the Arab nations give full recognition and acceptance to Israel and are genuinely willing to make peace and to establish full normalization of relations.

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of his sympathy with the left and with socialism," it is impossible to assign him a "conservative posture." If Stevens ignores the sufferings of the world to contemplate the beautifully bound volume of his *Esthetique du Mal*, it is not a sign of moral indifference; it is better seen as "one of those occasions when he was so moved by the horror of what he observed that he once more turned his attention to something that could give solace . . ." All this is whitewash, pure whitewash, sloppily, indecently applied.

STEVENS WAS a great poet. Why bother pretending that he was a good man? He had no political "posture"; he had political spasms, sometimes on the left side of his body, sometimes on the right. He was a mixed, imperfect, clayey human being. Richardson reports that when his older brother, Garrett Jr., became seriously ill, Stevens and his younger brother gave monthly support up to the time of Garrett's demise, "well over a year later." Stevens then continued to send money, "usually in the form of holiday gifts," to his widowed sister-in-law, remaining "consistently generous and gracious," despite the emotional ambiguities of his relationship with his brother. And from this episode of incontestable (though not unprecedented) human kindness, Richardson passes to the conclusion that "in this situation, as in all others, Stevens acted in the model fashion that we would want everyone to act, even though we realized that not even one other might follow."

Passages like these are as uncanny as they are unconvincing. Conscientious devourer of facts that she is, Richardson herself has recorded some highly distressing incidents that jeopardize the moral panegyric: Stevens's rather brutal public suppressions of his wife, for example, or his cold insistence that his daughter, Holly, attend Vassar College, though she bitterly opposed the plan and soon frustrated it by dropping out. Stevens was capable of kindness and ruthlessness, of magnanimity and cruelty, of generosity and egotism. He was no poet/saint; he was one of us. Except when he was writing: then he was one of them, the dancing geniuses.

It is the urge to place artistic genius in the service of common life that lies behind a broad phenomenon to which this biography is a recent addition. The appetite for the lives of the artists, especially the lives of the moderns, is great and apparently growing. Why? A beginning of an answer is that the integrity of the work so moves us that we cannot help hoping that it corresponds to an integrity in the life. If human beings could be as good as some of the things that human beings have made, then what an image of the good life we would have. Literary critics talk of a biographical fallacy, of the crude assumption that when we have identified its source in life, we have solved the puzzle of a work. But there is an opposite, unnamed error, that we might call the oeuvre fallacy: the assumption that perfection in the art implies perfection in the life.

Stevens is especially seductive in this regard, first because his poetry was grand, and second because the life outside the poetry was not grand at all. Few of us, I suppose, can muster a passable fantasy of what it would have been to lead the life of Picasso, or Pound, or Proust. But so much of Stevens's life is so near to us that we scarcely need the imagination. He struggles with his marriage, worries about his daughter, complains about taxes, goes to work, listens to music in the evening. If such a life can be seen as possessing the dignity of Stevens's poetry, then we are all much better than we suspected.

BUT IT CANNOT, and we are not. Stevens kept his genius for his art; the leading of his life is something that he did without any special grace. The jealous guarding of intimacy, the uneasiness with so many fellow workers, the rudeness (real and imagined), the coldness toward those closest to him—all this gives sharp point to his aphorism "Life is an affair of people not of places. But for me life is an affair of places and that is the trouble." He evidently enjoyed his grandson; with his wife he shared a taste for gardening. But his greatest pleasures were characteristically private. "I am not a good talker," he confessed, "and don't particularly enjoy exchanging ideas with people in talk." And elsewhere: "Personally, I nourish myself on books, nature, this and that, music—so rarely on the good friendships of men and women . . ."

I see no reason to reverse Richardson's judgment and find a hulking ogre where she finds a moral exemplar. The point is rather to accept the life outside the poetry as psychologically unresolved, morally unsettled, politically indeterminate. Stevens's daily life did not catch the radiance of his poetry. Indeed, what is disturbing, but also perhaps illuminating, is the extent to which the brightness of the art seems to have accompanied, and even required, faintness in the rest of the life.

Consider two analogies between the work and the life. Among the most familiar aspects of Stevens's poetry is its sudden turn toward nonsense. In the context of taut argument or high rhetoric, there is a quick descent into "the poet's gibberish," as for example at the beginning of "Mozart 1935":

A COMPANY

Your self? Her self? Him self?
All those other them selves?
Jostled among that crowd, how
make your way? Night coming on,
do they not clamor for pieces
of your dreams?
You glance
into the mirror. There she is,
her self smiling out at you,
but shadowed by a sterner look,
by strident aunts, milky uncles,
great-grandparents, reeling
back to a runty, scruffy ancient,
his rages hopping up and down.

Amazed, you greet them, words—
his, theirs—gruff to your ears,
hers assuaging on your tongue.
And throwing your arms around her,
you don a sweater she crocheted,
her gnarled fingers soft in it,
cross-stitched by his concern.

This body of yours a gobetween,
the heart a highway many-laned,
you take them out to the garden,
basking in the sun.
The maple
she had bought substantial now,
its young leaves—an easy breath
among them—sway together as they,
joining her and him, the others,
encompass you with murmurings.

Together you host the morning,
host this early spring, gossiping
the same old, new-as-ever news:
"Did you see and did you hear. . .
poor Harry with his. . .wild Ida
at her. . .crazy Mary O so scary. . .?"
"I never, not in a hundred years!"

With squawky triplets and a husband
tenant in our guesthouse flowerpot,
a wren (is it the one we welcomed
years ago?) in a rage of song
bobbles on a brandnew twig.

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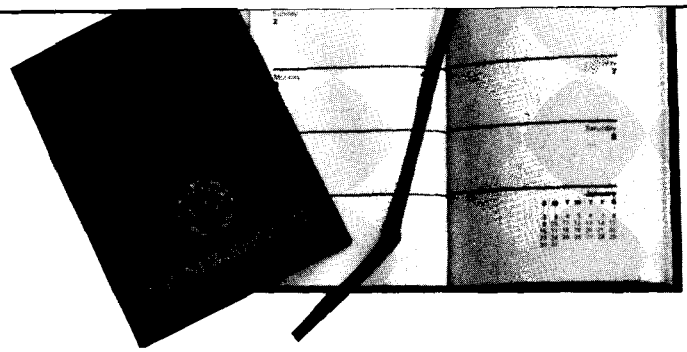
Poet, be seated at the piano.
Play the present, its hoo-hoo-hoo,
Its shoo-shoo-shoo, its ric-a-nic,
Its envious cachinnation.

We may associate these moments of nonsense with those eruptions that occur in the outer life: the bouts of drinking, the bursts of cutting rudeness, the visits to Florida. The poetry breaks the way the businessman/husband breaks; it lets go, bubbles over, shrieks for a minute. But there remains a telling difference. In the life he shared with human beings, Stevens never found a happy continuity between Florida and Connecticut, drunkenness and sobriety, poetry and law, anger and mildness. As he puts it to his daughter in explaining his quarrels with Elsie, "The blowups that we have are blowups of the nerves—when they are over, they are over." Exactly. But inside the poetry, at those moments of release when the sense snaps and the language gets loopy, there is no shattering of continuity. Sense and nonsense keep commerce between them. Intoxication finds a place inside sobriety, or, more radically, sobriety curls up inside intoxication. The poetry is able to contain the explosions that the life leaves unassimilated and unresolved.

DURING THE Second World War, Stevens developed a strong, even obsessive, interest in his family history, hiring several genealogists to track down his ancestral line. Who could deny the attraction? But its unlovely side showed in Stevens's desire to qualify as a member of the highly exclusive Holland Society. In the summer of 1944 (note the date), he wrote to Lila James Rooney, his chief genealogist, asking her to get him a membership:

> Recently, I joined the St. Nicholas Society on the basis of your material, but it is the Holland Society that I particularly want, because when I start to talk about being descended from the first white child in New Netherland, people who wouldn't believe it otherwise would believe it if I could say that I was a member of the Holland Society.

Wanting to talk with authority when he has something extreme to say—isn't this what drove Stevens to become, among other things, a poet of the dictionary? Here is the second analogy. The impulse to retrieve forgotten words (such as some that R. P. Blackmur collected: fubbed, girandoles, pipping, cantilene, fiscs) finds its reflection in the impulse to retrieve forgotten ancestors.



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The preoccupation with genealogy and the reliance on the dictionary are both attempts to establish a large context in which to place yourself (or your words), so that you (or they) no longer stand alone. But again a difference interrupts the analogy. The genealogical search is for a private victory, while the quest through the dictionary is not for a personal past, but for a common linguistic ancestry ("He tries by a peculiar speech to speak / The peculiar potency of the general"). When Stevens succeeds as a poet, he succeeds not as a proud white child in a long line of such but (his words are irresistible) as "part of nature" and "part of us."

How to explode in a moment of freedom? How to find a larger universe to contain the exploding shell? These are problems for both the poet and the citizen of Hartford. The first finds some inspired solutions, the second stumbles along like any other uncertain mortal. It is a hard thought, but one worth facing, that what Stevens gave to his poetry—the passion, the precision, the sublimity, the music—he borrowed from his life, that his art could only make its red blaze by letting a human being turn pale.

MICHAEL LEVENSON

Michael Levenson teaches English at the University of Virginia and is the author of *A Genealogy of Modernism* (Cambridge University Press).

GOLDFINGERS

The Founder: Cecil Rhodes and the Pursuit of Power by Robert I. Rotberg

(Oxford University Press, 800 pp., $35)

The British Empire may have been won in a fit of absence of mind, but it was certainly not won in a fit of absence of personality. In the heady and hubristic years of the so-called "New Imperialism," the men who extended the empire's boundaries, safeguarded its frontiers, administered its dominions, and evoked its spirit were themselves appropriately larger than life. There were conquering pioneers, like Sir George Taubman Goldie in Nigeria and Sir William Mackinnon in East Africa. There were soldiers of fortune, like Kitchener, Roberts, and Wolsley. There were lawgivers and proconsuls, like Curzon and Cromer, Lugard and Milner. There were the laureates of empire, like Kipling, Elgar, and Lutyens. And there was Cecil John Rhodes. In an age of imperial titans, Rhodes was the most titanic imperialist of all. His ambitions and accomplishments were such that the inevitable "colossus" epithet seemed an understatement. His character was so contradictory, his achievements so controversial, that it has proved no easier to write his definitive biography than it has been to complete the railway he dreamed of building from the Cape to Cairo.

This is partly because there were several very different versions of Cecil Rhodes, each of which was individually quite extraordinary, all of which were collectively almost incredible. The first was the archetypal Victorian weakling: a man so unrobust and so unprepossessing that he would never have been awarded one of his own scholarships. He was a delicate child, of uncertain health, unpromising youth, indifferent education, and thought to suffer from tuberculosis. In adult life, his voice remained an uncontrollable falsetto. He suffered a series of heart attacks, soon aged prematurely into a gray and bloated invalid, and died too young at 48. The second Rhodes, by contrast, was a self-made Smilesian hero of epic accomplishments. Born in relatively humble circumstances, he left for South Africa knowing almost nothing about the country and with no obvious prospect of fame or riches. Yet he had made one prodigious fortune in diamond mining before he was 30, and then accumulated another, almost as gigantic, in gold. In his plutocratic prime, Rhodes was one of the wealthiest men in the world, and King Midas himself might usefully have taken his correspondence course.

Yet he was not just a paradoxical compound of wimp and wunderkind: he was also a no less astonishing amalgam of dreamer and doer. From a very early age, Rhodes's private fantasy life was extraordinarily vivid and self-aggrandizing, as was made plain in the remarkable series of wills he drew up at regular intervals from the time he was 19, and which set out in detail his ambitions and agenda. He believed that the British were marked out by God for worldwide dominion; he yearned for the reunification of the Anglo-Saxon races and the recovery of the United States; and he imagined himself as the Man of Destiny who would actually bring all this about. For most people, these would have been mere idle imaginings. But Rhodes's enormous fortune gave him the power, and the scramble for Africa gave him the opportunity, to convert fantasy into fact. As prime minister of Cape Colony, he became the dominant figure in South African politics. As the founder and financier of the British South Africa Company, he added territories to the queen's dominions that were half the size of Europe itself. And he lavishly endowed the Rhodes scholarships at Oxford University, in the hope that future generations of ardent young imperialists might continue and complete his work.

Not surprisingly, contemporaries found it impossible to agree about Rhodes. To associates and acolytes like his fellow adventurer Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, and the architect Herbert Baker, he was beyond question the greatest man they had ever known, a leader for whom they would gladly have laid down their lives. In a succession of fervently affectionate reminiscences, they admiringly depicted their revered colossus as a heroic figure of charm and charisma, vision and vigor, grandeur and generosity. For such loyal and devoted followers, belief in Rhodes was truly a substitute for religion. To his enemies, however, Rhodes was the very embodiment of the Antichrist. From the far right, G. K. Chesterton dismissed him as a cynical, corrupt, unprincipled operator, totally devoid of ideals or morality. And from the left, J. A. Hobson mounted a sustained attack in his book *Imperialism*, first published in 1902, the year of Rhodes's death. For Hobson, Rhodes was little more than an international buccaneer, a ruthless gangster, an unscrupulous villain, an unchecked tyrant, with no respect for law, for life, or for liberty, who used his ill-gotten millions to manipulate politicians, to deceive and exploit

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the native Africans, and to promote indefensible acts of piracy like the Jameson Raid.

THE LENGTHENING perspective of history has only added to these contradictions and confusions. For a time, it did seem as if Rhodes's grandiose imperial designs were gradually coming to full and splendid fruition. In 1903 the first Rhodes scholars went to Oxford, and in 1929 Rhodes House was opened—an appropriately grandiose monument, designed by Herbert Baker. In the aftermath of the Boer War, the unification of South Africa within the empire was finally achieved, and many Afrikaners fought loyally by the side of the mother country during the First and Second World Wars. And in 1919 the British obtained a League of Nations mandate over Tanganyika (the former German East Africa), which meant that Rhodes's dream of an all-red dominion from the Cape to Cairo was finally realized. Against this background of apparently abiding, constructive achievement, successive generations of biographers, from Basil Williams in 1921 to J. G. Lockhart and C. M. Woodhouse in 1963, continued to depict Rhodes in essentially heroic and favorable terms, as a great man, who may indeed have been tragically flawed, yet whose greatness it was impossible to dispute.

By the light of the late 20th century, however, Rhodes's achievements seem far less significant, admirable, and enduring. The reunion of the Anglo-Saxon races never came about, and the British Empire, which once seemed so permanent and so pre-eminent, has completely disintegrated. Instead of producing a succession of outstanding public leaders, the Rhodes scholarships are essentially a means whereby bright overseas students obtain a second B.A. degree at Oxford and further their careers. In South Africa, the Boers wrested power from the British, intensified the policy of apartheid that Rhodes himself had effectively initiated, and in 1961 withdrew from the Commonwealth altogether. Within another decade, Northern Rhodesia had achieved independence from British rule and became the republic of Zambia, and after a longer and more bitter struggle, Southern Rhodesia eventually emerged as the sovereign state of Zimbabwe. From the vantage point of the 1980s, then, Rhodes's crude and naive dreams have either moldered into dust or become contemporary nightmares. In retrospect, the man himself stands condemned—as a heinous imperialist, a racist, a male chauvinist—for crimes against humanity.

Thus, the greatest difficulty in writing a new biography of Rhodes lies in establishing consistent criteria by which to assess the life and to evaluate the legacy. To make matters worse, the Rhodes archive itself, although extensive, is not particularly rich in personal material that might illuminate his extraordinary temperament. And it requires outstanding expositional skills to tell a story that moves back and forth from London to the Cape, from Kimberley to Bulawayo, from Pretoria to Johannesburg, and that involves characters as varied as Gladstone and Salisbury, Queen Victoria and the kaiser, Kruger and Bismarck, Olive Shreiner and the Princess Radziwill. Such a life also demands an unusual degree of scholarly versatility: not just a detailed knowledge of British and African history, but of psychohistory, diplomatic history, business history, and economic history as well. Appropriately enough, this latest, most ambitious, and most successful biography has been undertaken by the co-editor of the *Journal of Interdisciplinary History*, himself an expert on the African past and a former Rhodes scholar. Yet even he has been assisted by the psychiatrist Miles F. Shore.

IN ITS outlines, the story that Robert Rotberg tells is very familiar. But there are plenty of surprises along the way. Rhodes was born in 1853, the fifth son of a Church of England clergyman who was vicar of Bishop's Stortford. His father seems to have been a distant and unappealing figure, for whom Cecil never had much regard or affection. During the early years of his life, he enjoyed an unusually close rapport with his mother—which was brutally broken when the next child came along. Here, Rotberg insists, is the key to understanding Rhodes's remarkable adult personality: the brooding, solitary figure, free from shame or guilt, whose confidence in his own powers was unassailable. Here, too, is the explanation for his lack of ease with women, and for his homosexuality, which is explicitly (and very convincingly) discussed in detail for the first time. Rotberg also maintains that although Rhodes was not a youth of whom great things might have been predicted, he was far from being the delicate weakling of biographical myth: he was not forced to go out to Africa for his health, and in later life it was his heart, not his lungs, that was his real problem.

For whatever reason, Rhodes left England at the age of 17, and began working in collaboration with his elder brother, Herbert, who was farming cotton and tobacco in Natal. After only a year he moved to the frontier town of Kimberley, where diamonds had been discovered in 1867. In this rough and brutal environment, Rhodes rapidly discovered his genius for business and choosing associates (Charles Rudd in mining, Alfred Beit in financial affairs) and acquired a reputation for cynical and unscrupulous dealing that was to stay with him all his life. Very soon he was worth over £50,000, and promptly left the diamond fields for Oxford, where he studied intermittently between 1873 and 1881. It has always been claimed that this was the turning point of Rhodes's life. But Rotberg's interpretation is far less romantic. There was, he insists, no sudden conversion to the cause of public and British imperialism. On the contrary, Rhodes's time at Oxford was relatively humdrum: he did very little work, acquired few influential friends, made no great impact on his contemporaries, never came under the spell of Ruskin, and obtained only a pass degree.

BUT DURING the 1880s his career in South Africa gathered a seemingly irresistible momentum. Gradually, but inexorably, he bought out most of his competitors in the Kimberley diamond mines, began to dabble in the gold that had been discovered on the Rand, and made a name for himself in London financial circles with men like Lord Rothschild. At the age of 27 he was elected to the Cape legislature, and within three years he was in the Cabinet. He soon established himself as a formidable figure, successfully urging the annexation of Bechuanaland, so as to forestall the Germans and the Transvaalers, and to keep open the road to the north for future British expansion. At the very end of the decade, when he was still not yet 40, he scored three almost simultaneous triumphs. He overwhelmed Barney Barnarto, his last remaining rival in the Kimberley diamond fields, which meant that Rhodes's company, De Beers, now controlled 90 percent of world production. He became prime minister of Cape Colony and ruled virtually unchallenged. And he obtained a royal charter for his British South Africa Company, which effectively gave him unlimited

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rights of plunder and annexation from the Limpopo to the Zambezi and far beyond.

The years from 1890 to 1895 saw Rhodes at the zenith of his wealth, power, and acquisitiveness: Caesar, Croesus, and conquistador combined. At the Cape he lived like an emperor, with a palace for a house and a mountain for a garden. He surrounded himself with unsavory and sycophantic collaborators like Grimmer, Silverwright, and Rutherford Harris. To ensure the support of the Afrikaners in the legislature, Rhodes enacted a series of discriminatory measures that deprived the natives of their voting rights and their territorial rights: these acts were the death knell of Cape liberalism. North of the Limpopo, Lobengula was hoodwinked and deceived into signing away his kingdom, and between 1890 and 1893, Rhodes's agents occupied Mashonaland and ruthlessly subdued the Matabele. The inadequate and unsupervised administration of what soon became known as Northern and Southern Rhodesia was one of the most shameful episodes in British imperial history. Most of the white settlers and rulers were callous and self-seeking adventurers; and Rhodes, who regarded the territories as his own personal fief, knew little and cared less. So o'erleaping did his vaulting ambition become that he even planned to topple Kruger's regime and win the Transvaal (and its gold) for Britain, by sponsoring Jameson's armed expedition on Johannesburg at the end of 1895 in support of a hoped-for local uprising against Kruger.

BUT THE raid was a fiasco. The uprising fizzled, and Jameson and his followers were easily taken prisoner by the Boers. The British government repudiated the entire enterprise, and the rest of the world condemned it. Thereafter Rhodes himself never really recovered his power or his position. His health began to give way: indeed, it may have been his increasing awareness that time was running out that had persuaded him to gamble so recklessly. He was obliged to resign as prime minister of the Cape, and although he later contemplated making a comeback, it never came about. In the aftermath of an official inquiry in London into the Jameson Raid, he was compelled to quit the board of the British South Africa Company. The Boers never forgave him for his treachery and his piracy, and the Matabele, goaded beyond endurance, rebelled in 1896-7. His house in the Cape was burned down, and he was pursued (and possibly blackmailed) by Princess Radziwill, an unscrupulous and unstable Polish adventuress. The outbreak of the Boer War meant that the political initiative had now passed irretrievably to other hands. For four months Rhodes himself was virtually a prisoner while Kimberley was besieged. After obtaining his freedom, he had little more than a year to live, and he was buried in the Rhodesian mountains at a place called "The World's View."

THE VERY LEAST that can be said of Rotberg's account is that it provides what is undoubtedly the fullest, the most detailed, and the best-documented survey of Rhodes's life that we are likely to get, by comparison with which all previous biographies seem jejune and superficial. Let cliché have its way: this is an appropriately colossal book about an undeniably colossal man. More precisely, this is the first major effort to accommodate Rhodes to our postimperial world, to see him primarily from an African rather than a European perspective, and to thus lay bare the full details of his unscrupulous business methods and his callous treatment of the native populations. Above all, Rotberg has triumphantly succeeded in scraping off the rich accretions of myth and make-believe that Rhodes so assiduously manufactured, that his acolytes so loyally embellished, that his previous biographers have so credulously repeated. Only in retrospect, it turns out, did Rhodes live out the whole of his life as an imperialist visionary: until the late 1880s, in fact, he was far less purposeful and more reactive in his activities and his ambitions than it has been fashionable to suppose.

Inevitably, the massive strengths of this book carry with them their share of corresponding weaknesses. In historical terms, the author is far less surefooted in dealing with the British than with the African context. To give one example: within little more than a page we learn that in the 1870s Oxford "was undergoing a vigorous intellectual renaissance"; that in the country as a whole "a fervor for imperialism was apparent"; and that Rhodes "would have felt the strength of the positive currents then pulsating through the mother country and its premier university." One knows what the author means. But this is not history: it is banality. In the same way, the prodigious detail means that on occasions the book is in danger of sinking beneath the weight of its own erudition. It is all very well to show that Rhodes's life in prospect lacked the simple sense of direction it was deemed to possess in retrospect. But it remains an essential part of the biographer's task to give form and focus to his story. All too often, the reader of Rotberg's work is confronted by an overwhelming mass of unstructured, inadequately signposted information. The result is that Rhodes himself sometimes disappears altogether.

The treatment of Rhodes's psychology—clearly a subject of central importance—is also disappointingly uneven. The portrayal of his infancy and adolescence (especially of his relations with his mother) is too speculative, and it is done in prose that is frequently pretentious and jargon-ridden. But when Rhodes becomes an active, assertive, and better-documented adult, the author seems almost to lose interest in his patient. It does not seem very helpful to be told that Rhodes hated Kruger because

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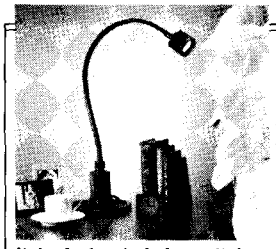

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he reminded him of his own stern and unapproving father. And it is especially regrettable that no effort is made to address the fundamental question: not, Was the man homosexual? but, Was the man mad? On more than one occasion, Rotberg rightly refers to Rhodes's persistent delusions of grandeur and to his undoubted, towering megalomania. He presents ample evidence of his astonishing private fantasy world, of his unshakable belief that he was a man of destiny, of his unbridled ambition to rule the globe. Yet all this is lightly dismissed as little more than "flimflam" and "hocus-pocus."

Thus the Rhodes who struggles and fights his way out of these 800 pages remains a fundamentally unaltered and essentially familiar figure: our old friend (or enemy), the flawed hero. In one guise, he was indeed vain, cynical, corrupt, ruthless, philistine, humorless, vindictive—a man whose prime legacy has undoubtedly been to make the agony of Africa more bitter. On the other hand, Rotberg repeatedly describes him, apparently without irony, as "the great man," "the colossus," "the founder," who did many good works and even enjoyed the occasional "finest hour." Like so many previous biographers, his conclusion is the disappointingly evenhanded verdict that Rhodes was a Janus-faced giant: part genius, part rogue; sometimes good, sometimes bad; and his achievements were a mixture of the ephemeral and the enduring. Rotberg's Rhodes may be a little less of a hero than previous versions, but a hero he nevertheless remains. So despite the chapter promisingly titled "Enigma and Resolution," the conundrum of Rhodes remains essentially unresolved.

As long as historians continue to see their task as being to construct a balance sheet of his life, this is bound to remain the case. For it will never be possible to reconcile the undoubted contradictions of Rhodes's character, careers, and contributions simply by examining the man himself in ever greater biographical detail. The only way to obtain a more consistent viewpoint and balanced verdict is to set Rhodes in a much broader historical perspective. For in many ways, he was far from being unique. During the last quarter of the 19th century many men made an impact as capitalists and imperialists that was good and bad, ephemeral and enduring. Robber-baron plutocrats like Carnegie and Rockefeller were suddenly ten cents to a dime. And homosexual egomaniacs like Charles George Gordon and T. E. Lawrence were often able to change the course of history. If we are to understand Cecil Rhodes more fully, it is to his time, rather than to his temperament, that we might most usefully direct our attention. We have been given the colossus close up; we now need the colossus in context.

DAVID CANNADINE

David Cannadine is professor of history at Columbia University.

fic·tio·nary

Dictionary of the Khazars: A Lexicon Novel by Milorad Pavíc

(Knopf, 338 pp., $19.95)

Borges, Jorge Luis (1899-1986). Argentine poet, essayist, and short story writer. Of a metaphysical turn of mind, Borges was preoccupied in his work by philosophical and theological questions having to do with illusion and reality, the multiple nature of selfhood, the possibility of reincarnation, the logical paradoxes inherent in all conceptions of space and time, the ultimate unity in the plurality of things, esoteric systems of knowledge (such as the Cabala), and the symbolic and real correspondences between language and the world (both of which are infinite constructions made from orderly repetitions of finite and arbitrary elements). Thus, in "The Library of Babel" he supposes a cosmos composed solely of an endless number of books; in "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius"

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he posits an imaginary planet described in a 40-volume encyclopedia, whose concepts gradually usurp those of the real world; in "Everything and Nothing" God says to Shakespeare, "I have dreamt the world as you dreamt your work . . . and among the forms in my dream are you, who like myself are many and no one." Elsewhere in Borges time stands still or goes backward, people dream each other's lives and deaths, earthly enemies are revealed in Heaven to be a single person, and elaborate works of mock scholarship are constructed in which historical fact and fiction are cleverly mixed.

Calvino, Italo (1923-1985). Italian short story writer and novelist. An unflagging experimentalist, Calvino was a practitioner of fictional deconstruction, trapping his reader in Chinese puzzles and frequently commenting in the course of his work on the processes of writing and reading it. He was able to do so while maintaining fictional suspense, often balancing his highly intellectual approach with a comic-book-like sensationalism of story line. A good example of Calvino's method is his *If on a winter's night a traveler*, a book consisting of first chapters of different novels that all break off in the middle, into which is woven a plot involving a notorious terrorist organization called "Apocryphal Power." This organization has split into two factions, "a sect of enlightened followers of the Archangel of Light and a sect of nihilist followers of the Archon of Shadow," both determined to get their hands on a famous author's manuscript (which may be, in fact, the very novel we are reading)—the former because they are convinced "that among the false books flooding the world they can track down a few that bear a truth perhaps extrahuman or extraterrestrial," the latter because they believe "that only counterfeiting, mystification, intentional falsehood can represent absolute value in a book." These two factions wage a war of kidnapping and murder around the globe while we are at the same time made to consider highly theoretical questions of novelistic composition and intent. Simultaneously, two in-novel readers of the novel, a male and female, strike up a romance while pursuing the book's secrets. The last page of *If on a winter's night a traveler* finds them married and in bed, where they are comfortably reading . . . Italo Calvino's *If on a winter's night a traveler*.

García Márquez, Gabriel (1929-). Latin American novelist and "magical realist." If magical realism is considered as prose fiction in which impossible events are casually related as though they were ordinary ones, with which they are interspersed, then the inventor of the genre was Kafka, when he wrote, "As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect." Unlike the fiction of Kafka, however, which commonly works out in great detail the logical implications of a single intrusion of the absurd into daily reality, in the fiction of Márquez such intrusions densely populate the page. At the conclusion of *A Hundred Years Of Solitude*, for example, a man who has just fathered a baby with a pig's tail sits through a cyclone that is literally blowing away his house while absorbedly reading a family history that accurately describes his own death, "written in Sanskrit . . . and encoded [in] the even lines in the private cipher of the Emperor Augustus and [in] the odd ones in a Lacedemonian military code." These images circle back to others in the book's opening, bringing the novel to a poetic, rather than a logical, closure.

Hype. A form of publicity designed to convince the public that there is more to something than there is. Unlike hard sell, which overstates in crude terms to an undifferentiated public, hype appeals to the desire to feel special. A case in point is Knopf's publicity for the new novel *Dictionary of the Khazars*—which, the reviewer is told, is "already a best seller in Germany . . . Number One in France . . . soon to appear in England, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Spain, and Latin America." "Seekers of the deeper meaning of life," says Knopf, "may be in some peril, because the *Dictionary* opens up a dizzying and ultimately bottomless dimension of philosophy. . . . Readers in search of Truth will inevitably try to unlock the puzzle of the universe by reassembling the very body of Adam . . ." The book, we are informed, is "a mystery wrapped in bedazzling philosophy . . . a romance wrapped in a mystery . . . several murder stories wrapped in a romance." The novel "comes in two versions, one MALE and one FEMALE, which differ only by 17 (crucial) lines. Readers may choose whichever edition they prefer as their passport: their journey through the world

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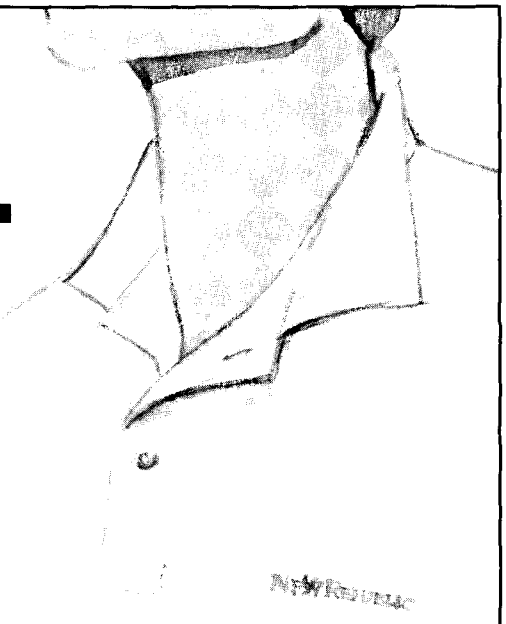

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of the Khazars will be different depending on their choice." (See PUBLISHING.)

Khazars. An ancient Turkic people, partly nomadic, partly settled, who appeared in Transcaucasia in the second century and subsequently settled in southern Russia between the Volga and the Don. Subjugated by the Huns in the fifth century, they emerged again in the seventh century and rose to great power. They conquered the Crimea, levied tribute from the eastern Slavs, including those in Kiev, and warred with the Arabs, the Persians, and the Armenians. The supreme ruler (*khaqan* or *khagan*) of the Khazars and the Khazar nobility embraced Judaism around 740; the legend that they did so after listening to a debate among a Christian, a Muslim, and a Jew is unsubstantiated. The missionary brothers Constantine and Methodius later made some Christian converts among them, and many Muslims existed in their midst, too. Religious tolerance was complete in the Khazar empire, which reached a relatively high degree of civilization. The empire fell when Sviatoslav, duke of Kiev, defeated its army in 969.

Lexicon Novel. A term used by the author of *Dictionary of the Khazars* (see PAVÍC, MILORAD) for the book, which is written in the form of an alleged 17th-century encyclopedia on the subject of the Khazar empire and various persons associated with it. Most of these persons are imaginary, and even those who are purportedly historical, such as the Jewish poet and philosopher Yehudah Halevi or the Christian missionary Methodius, are treated in a highly fanciful manner. In the entry for Methodius, for instance, we are informed that "he knew the language of his Slavic subjects, who had bearded souls and in winter carried birds inside their shirts to keep warm." After studying under a monk who taught him that "those under the sign of the Trinity, a masculine sign, take in only the odd sentences of their books when they read, whereas we, under the sign of the number four, a feminine number, take in only the even sentences of our books," Methodius, the *Dictionary* tells us, became a monk himself

> on the Asia Minor coast in a colony of ascetics called Olympus, where he was later joined by his brother. They watched the sand, swept by the Easter wind, reveal on each holiday yet another ancient desert temple at a new site, showing only enough for them to make the sign of the cross and read out the "Our Father" before it was buried again forever.

Such nonchalant intrusions of absurdity abound in *Dictionary of the Khazars*. A typical entry begins:

> Sevast, Nikon (17th century)—It is believed that at one time Satan lived under this name in the Ovchar gorge on the Morava river, in the Balkans. He was unusually gentle, addressed all men by his own name: Sevast, and worked as the head calligrapher at the St. Nicholas Monastery. Wherever he sat, however, he left an imprint of two faces, and in place of a tail he had a nose.

Dictionary of the Khazars is not just oxymorons. It is also a book about the labyrinths of historical scholarship, about illusion and reality, about the unreal nature of space and time, about people who dream each other's lives and deaths, about transpersonal identity, about reincarnation, about the search for God, about the parallels between language and the universe. Yes, and about deconstruction. "It is not I who mix the colors," the icon painter Sevast tells us:

> It is not I who mix the colors but your own vision. . . . You could do the same with writing. Why shouldn't someone create a dictionary of words that make up one book and let the reader himself assemble the words into a whole?

Dictionary of the Khazars has a plot too, which concerns the efforts of certain intrepid investigators in the 17th and 20th centuries (indeed, they are the same people, reborn) to find the lost manuscript of a book called *Dictionary of the Khazars* and reconstruct from it the cosmic body of Adam Ruhani, the cabalistic Spiritual Adam, whose restoration will reunite man with God. Naturally, the satanic forces cannot tolerate this prospect. Working through human stand-ins, they do their best to foil it, not even shrinking from the murder of an Egyptian professor (and the pinning of the rap on an Israeli scholar) at an international conference in Istanbul. The novel also has a male and female reader, who (shortly before falling in love and into bed with each other) meet on its last page to compare . . . the masculine and feminine versions of *Dictionary of the Khazars*.

Pavíc, Milorad. The supposed author of *Dictionary of the Khazars*. According to his American publisher, Pavíc was born in Yugoslavia in 1929 and has published numerous volumes of prose and poetry in the Serbo-Croatian language. He is the son of the sculptor Zdenko Pavíc, the grandson of the poet Nikola Pavíc, and the descendant of the poet Emeric Pavíc, who wrote Latin and Serbian verse in Budapest back in the 1760s. Currently, he is a professor of Serbian literature in Belgrade, where he also raises borzoi hounds.

Precisely because publishers don't usually send reviewers the family trees of their authors, however, one's suspicions are aroused. A thorough check of the card catalog of the nearest university library, as well as of the latest available editions of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the Encyclopedia Americana, the Columbia Dictionary of Modern European Literature, the Concise Encyclopedia of Modern World Literature, Cassell's Encyclopedia of World Literature, and the Kindler Literatur Lexikon, reveals not only no Milorad Pavíc, but no Pavíces whatsoever—an odd omission, it would seem, for such an illustrious family going back hundreds of years.

Can there be a basis to the rumor that Milorad Pavíc does not, in fact, exist at all, and is himself the fictional creation of an unidentified literary agent living in one of the capitals of Europe? Tired of representing the authors of hack whodunits that nobody cared to finish and of diet cookbooks whose recipes proved inedible, this agent, according to the best literary gossip, decided to fabricate a best-selling writer of her own. She knew exactly who the members of her writer's audience should be: young, educated, trendy, upwardly mobile culturally, vaguely drawn to spiritualism and the occult, suitably impressed with themselves but not so self-assured that they would not be flattered to be taken into the confidence of a seemingly difficult and profound book, eager to feel intellectually sophisticated while loath to have to wrestle with genuinely serious writing: in short, the literary yuppies of the '80s.

And so, after boning up on Cabala in the Encyclopedia Judaica (no Pavíc there, either) and reading Dunlop's *History of the Jewish Khazars*, in which all the primary sources are well summarized, our secret agent took the three most brilliantly inventive fiction writers of our times, Borges, Calvino, and Márquez, synthesized their styles and subject matter in a single clever parody, attributed the latter to an apocryphal Yugoslavian (since only Serbo-Croats read Serbo-Croatian,

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there was no need to produce an original text), and launched her pseudoepigrapha with such dizzying success that it must have astounded even herself. Knopf has published 40,000 copies of its first edition of *Dictionary of the Khazars*, an unheard-of number for a translated novel on a recondite subject by an unknown author, and it clearly expects to sell them all and then some.

True, it is also rumored that Milorad Pavíc has been in New York for the official publication of his novel, of which he signs all male copies with his right hand and all female copies with his left hand, writing with both simultaneously. But how do we know that this Milorad Pavíc is the real one, or that a real Milorad Pavíc can be found? Even when his name begins to appear in the encyclopedias, as no doubt it now will, let the lesson of Tlön and Uqbar teach us not to jump to hasty conclusions.

Publishing. A branch of manufacture concerned with the production and sale of books. One of the traditional problems of this industry has been the unitary bottleneck, that is, the fact that while you can easily sell a customer two bars of the same soap, two shirts of the same stripe, or two chops off the same lamb, it is extremely difficult to sell the same person two copies of the same book. Now, with the introduction of separate "His" and "Hers" editions of the identical novel, the house of Alfred A. Knopf has broken this barrier. Married couples, of course, have to buy both versions of *Dictionary of the Khazars*. Most singles, however, do too, since who has the patience to wait to meet someone of the opposite sex who has read the book and can tell us their understanding of the 17 (crucial) lines we have missed?

Still, despite the text's hint that a careful application of these lines (which can be found, in case you are browsing, on pp. 293-94) may enable you and your boyfriend or girlfriend to conjure up the Astral Adam in your living room (be forewarned, however, that, as with the Sorcerer's Apprentice, there are no instructions for getting rid of him), they are ultimately—like most of the novel—an inconsequential gimmick. Buying both copies of *Dictionary of the Khazars* will not buy you, as promised, a double journey through the world of the Khazars. It will merely set you back $39.90 instead of $19.95. Two books for the price of one has long been the come-on of many a conventional book club; one book for the price of two is the chic offer that Knopf is presently making you. It may be an offer you can refuse.

HILLEL HALKIN

Hillel Halkin is a writer and translator who lives in Israel.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

partner, James Parker, holding up the Iroquois as an example of an effective confederation. In 1754 Franklin helped assemble colonial representatives at Albany to produce an attempt at union that predated the Articles of Confederation; the Iroquois sachem Tiyanoga (whom the colonists called Hendrick) was invited to advise the delegates. Franklin's drafts of the Articles of Confederation owe a debt to Iroquois as well as European precedents. The Great Law of Peace, for instance, contained provisions for amendment that greatly resemble our own.

To narrow the debate to the Constitutional Convention ignores a rich historical record that indicates many of the Founders' admiration of American Indian confederacies. The biggest "historical myth" of all maintains that our "new republic" was cut entirely from European cloth.

BRUCE E. JOHANSEN
Omaha, Nebraska

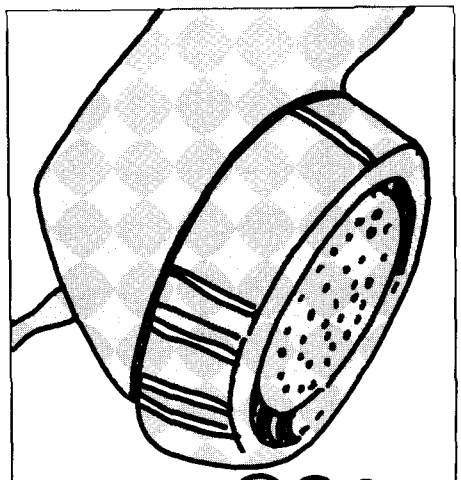
IRISH HEARTS

To the editors:

Just an added tidbit for Zachary Citron's collection of world patriotism trivia ("Flagging Enthusiasm," November 14). From several summers spent in the Republic of Ireland, I can attest that pubgoers close each night there with a more or less hearty chorus of the Irish national anthem. This is sung in the vernacular (i.e., Gaelic), and the first line translates as: "Soldiers all are we, whose hearts are pledged to I-re-land."

But this tradition is flexible and accommodating. On July 4, when I was in a pub at closing time, the musicians obliged with a rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Unfortunately, the Americans assembled, being better trained in the imbibing rather than the operatic arts, did little justice to our national song.

CAITLIN MCCARTHY
Middlebury, Vermont



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CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Fragments and Remnants

NOT SINCE READING Rebecca West's *Black Lamb & Grey Falcon* have I been more deeply affected by a travel book than I have been by Brian Hau's *Stealing from a Deep Place* (Hill and Wang). Maybe it's only the contiguity of subjects that provokes the association: West's being Yugoslavia, Hau's its neighbors to the east, Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria. But I think not. Yugoslavia was, when West was gathering materials for the book (1937) and when it was first published (1942), at history's center. Its turmoils had already provided the proximate cause of the First World War; its ethnic and ideological rivalries were of the real essence of the Second World War. In contrast, the three countries through which Hau biked during one year in the mid-'80s seem destined to be bit players in the future of history. Romania and Bulgaria remain in their different Stalinist ways committed to what does not work. Even Hungary's memorable but doomed heroism in 1956 is evidence of her fated marginality, courage out of season. The revolution against the revolution will come from Poland and from within the Soviet domain proper. But Hau has brought these, alas, faintly irrelevant nations to life. He has an eye for the significant detail, a way with words to make it vivid and representative. He knows when the past has staked a claim on the present, and why it has so bedeviled the Communist bureaucrats who thought they were making new men and women as well as new societies. Still in his 20s, Brian Hau has written a meditation on the strange that, if it is at all noticed, will last as Rebecca West's has.

THERE ARE BY NOW five or perhaps six volumes of the melancholy series of books called *Parchments of Fire* or, in Hebrew, *Gevilai Esh*. These are remembrances of and for Israel's fallen. In them are contained a photograph, a brief biography, and some literary or artistic remains of each soldier who died in the country's defense. Sometimes the printed remnant of a life is a poem or a drawing; but it can be more ordinary: a letter to a friend or even a school paper on a problem in calculus. The memory is made palpable even to those who never knew the deceased, as is the loss. A country that so insists on memory of war dead does not casually enter open wars. I met Alex Singer but once. I'd known his folks a bit; his father, Max, had written four or five articles for TNR. Alex, just out of Cornell, was off to Israel as an immigrant. But before he sealed his destiny to that of Israel he would use his American passport to hitch through Jordan, a country whose life and sights would soon be denied to him. A curious man and a brave one. He'd come to talk, aspiring writer to jaded editor. In the event, he never sent us anything for publication, though there was much I wish he had sent. Sadly, he never will. A bit more than a year ago he was killed trying to rescue his unit commander from an ambush on Israel's northern border. I have my own stirred memories of his Cornell senior essay based on his travels among diaspora Jews, including the remnant in Spain. But there are other tangible remains of Alex's life. I saw some of them on my trip to Jerusalem a month ago. A beautiful selection of his drawings, watercolors, and journal entries had been hung in a gallery in Yemin Moshe, the oldest neighborhood outside the Old City walls. This exhibition was not a sentimental act, or not simply a sentimental act. Alex's was, in pictures and in words, a real talent, intimate, immediate, textured. He will be an entry in the next volume of *Parchments of Fire*, may this be the very last in the series.

THE YOUNG DON'T READ John Gunther any more; his *Inside . . .* this and *Inside . . .* that are dated by decades. But I remember reading in my own youth *Death Be Not Proud*, Gunther's timeless memoir of the death of his son from cancer, a book so relentless that I hesitate to suggest it to my own children. It is, at least in advanced societies, against nature for parents to bury children. Still, it is the fate of many parents to do so, and when one hears or reads of it, it sears. I've had on my desk for months now another book I've had trouble facing. *Eric Mitchell, 1963-1986*, published last year by Weidenfeld and Nicolson, contains a selection of the literary remains of this young man, killed in a road accident so long before his time. I never met Eric but I've been teaching men and women like him at Harvard for 27 years. Well, not many quite like him. The abundant evidence of his poems, maxims, aphorisms, letters, and essays, these last done at Middlebury and Columbia, establishes beyond doubt that here was a mature intellect already at 23. Alternately ironic and meditative, witty and deep, Eric set himself between and astride Hebraism and Hellenism, the decisive moral contest of millennia. Still, neither the boldness of his imagination nor the tenderness of his sensibility can be a sufficient consolation or comfort; for these provoking thoughts are the end of so much more that he was likely to have done.

IN HIS BIOGRAPHY, *The World of Yesterday* (1943), Stefan Zweig argued that the distinguishing characteristic of the modern age was the assumption of simultaneity. "When bombs laid waste the houses of Shanghai, we knew of it in our rooms in Europe before the wounded were carried out. . . ." The telephone, radio, and television are the expressions and instruments of this simultaneity. Deaths and births, wars and just run-of-the-mill events no sooner happen than they can be known the world over. To this, surely, can be traced the death of letter writing, not only as a routine of literate people but as an art in itself. Why wait? A friend suggests that the FAX machine will now restore letter writing to its proper place. In fact, between this friend in Washington and his friend in Florence the process has already begun. FAX mail being virtually instantaneous, there is now even more reason to resist accommodating to the inevitable textureless-ness of a telephone conversation, to resist also its evanescence. FAX, like ordinary mail, is also often less expensive than the telephone. Can we imagine Virginia Woolf or George Bernard Shaw, two of this century's great letter writers, communicating to close friends and other correspondents by FAX? I have my doubts. But that's not the salient question. The question is whether literate people born to the telephone can change habits. It would be quite revolutionary, wouldn't it, if this one instance of technological advance were to revive a practice now consigned to our pre-history.

MARTIN PERETZ

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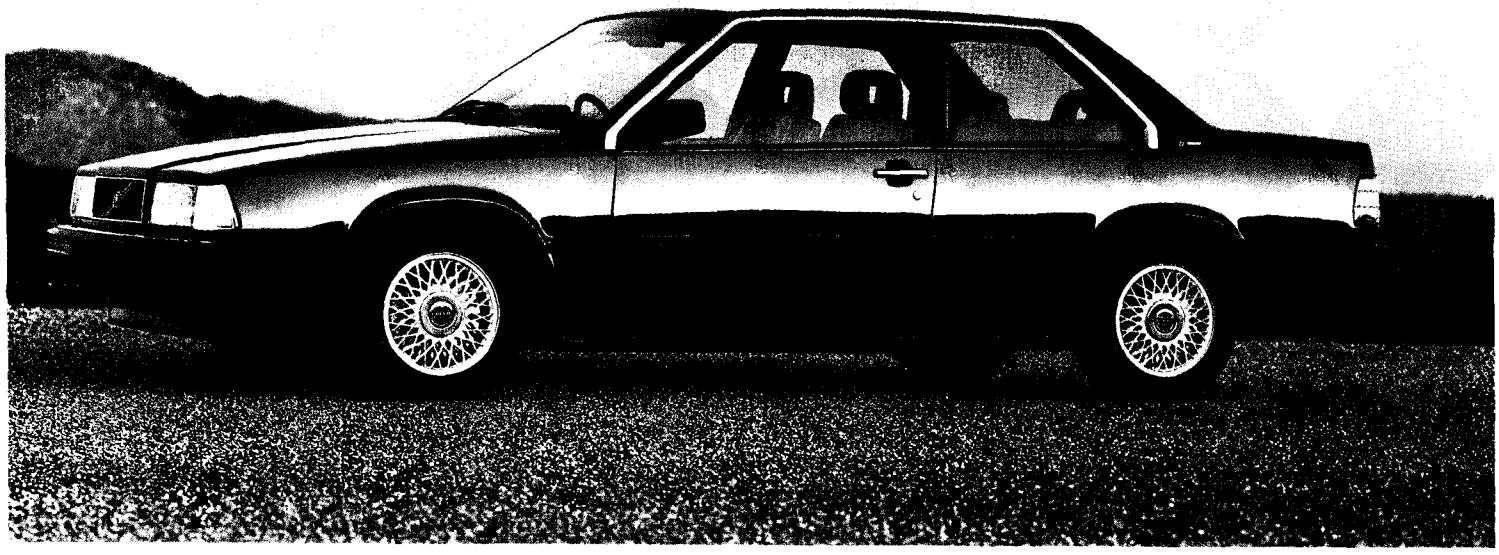
ART.



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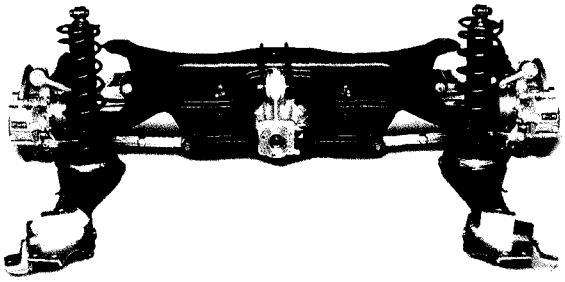

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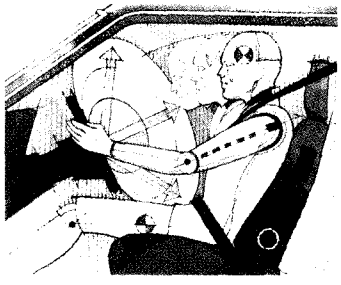

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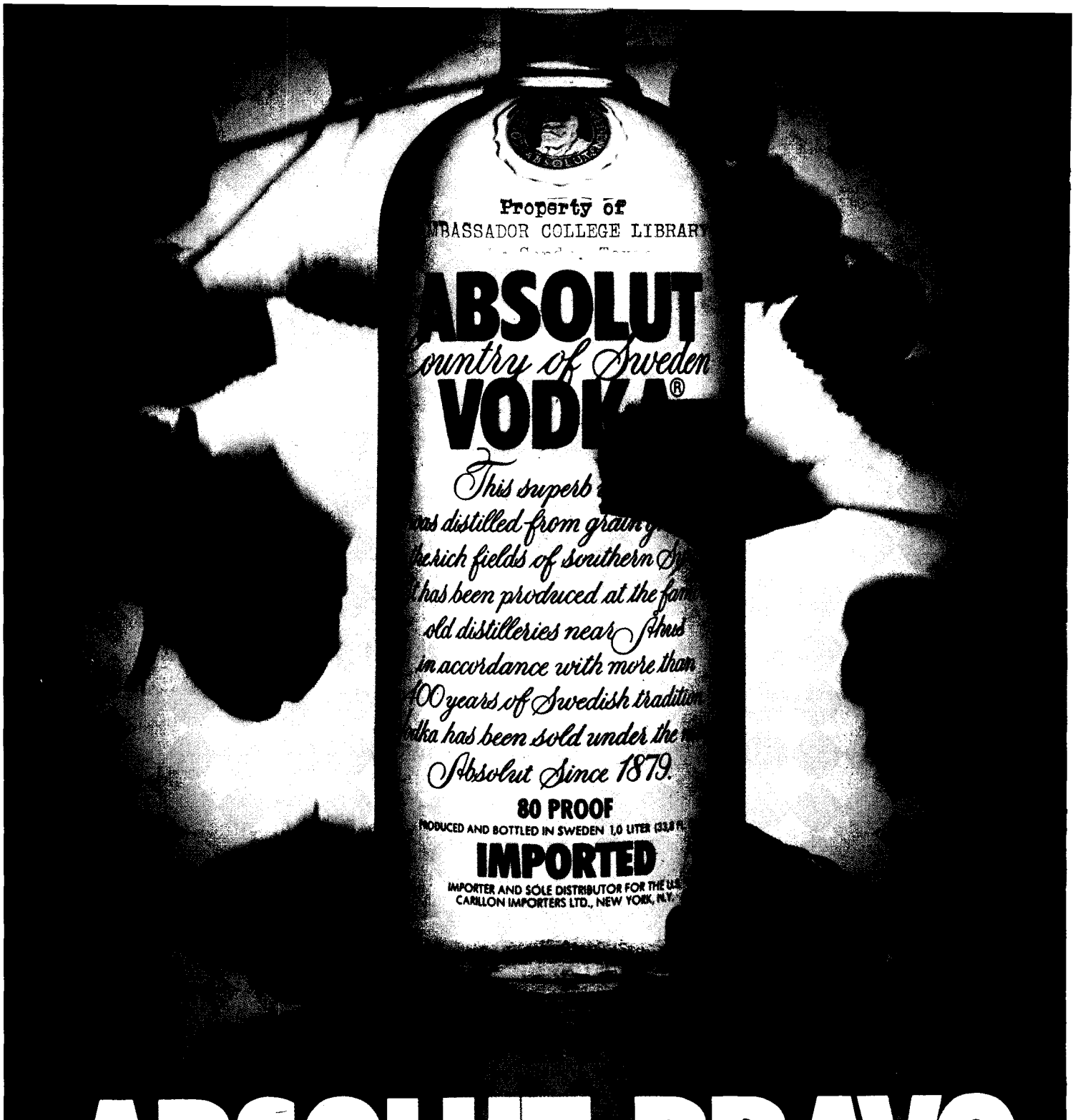

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